

A.

SELECTION;

In-PROSE-and-VERSE;

OF.

Classical - Beauties;

FROM.

APPROVED-ENGLISH-WRITERS.

"A-NOSEGAY-OF-CULLED-FLOWERS."

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A.

SELECTION, &c.

A.

HYMN-*on-the*-SEASONS.

THESE as they change, Almighty-Father, these
Are but the *varied*-God. The rolling year
Is-full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing-Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields ; the softening-air is balm ;
Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year :

And oft' thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
 And oft' at dawn, deep-noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whisp'ring gales.
 Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
 Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
 Majestic-darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding-sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
 And humblest nature with thy northern-blast.

Mysterious-round! what skill, what force divine,
 Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
 Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
 And all so forming an-harmonious-whole;
 That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
 Works in the secret-deep; shoots steaming thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
 Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth;
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,

In adoration join ; and ardent raise
 One general song ! To-Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes :
 Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe !
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills ;
 And let me catch-it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale ; and thou majestic-main,
 A secret world of wonders in-thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to-Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
 paints.
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to-Him ;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous-moon.
 Ye that keep-watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
 Unconscious-lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye-constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,

On nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls ; behush'd the prostrate world ;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn-hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye-hills ; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound ; the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye-vallies, raise ; for the Great-Shepherd reigns ;
 And his *unsuffering*-kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake : a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
 Expiring lays the warbling-world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet-Philomela charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
 Ye-chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;
 At once the head, the heart and tongue of all,
 Crown the great-hymn !————
 Still sing the-God-of-Seasons as they roll.

HECTOR's.

TAKING-LEAVE-OF.

ANDROMACHE.

THUS having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
Stretch'd his fond-arms to clasp the lovely-boy.
The babe clung crying to his nurse's-breast,
Scar'd at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.
With secret pleasure each fond-parent smil'd,
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,
The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground;
Then-kiss'd the child, and lifting-high in air,
Thus to the gods preferr'd a-father's-pray'r:

O-Thou whose glory fills th' æth'ial-throne,
And all ye deathless-pow'rs, protect-my-son!
Grant him, like me, to purchase just-renown,
To-guard the Trojans, to-defend the crown;
Against his country's-foe the war to wage,
And rise the-Hector of the future-age!
So-when, triumphant from successful toils,
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking-spoils,
Whole hosts may hail-him with deserv'd-acclaim,
And say, this chief transcends his father's-fame;
While pleas'd amidst the general-shouts of Troy,
His mother's conscious-heart o'erflows with-joy.

He spoke, and fondly-gazing on her charms,
 Restor'd the pleasing-burden to her arms;
 Soft on her fragrant-breast the babe she laid,
 Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd,
 The troubled-pleasure soon chastis'd by fear;
 She-mingled with the smile a-tender-tear.

The soften'd-chief with kind-compassion view'd
 And dry'd the falling-drops and thus pursu'd,
 Andromache! my soul's far-better-part,
 Why with untimely-sorrow heaves thy heart;
 No hostile hand can-antedate my doom,
 'Till fate condemns-me to the silent-tomb:
 Fix'd is the-term of all the-race of earth,
 And such the-hard-condition of our birth.
 No-force can then resist, no-flight can save
 All sink alike the-fearful and the-brave.

———— The glorious-chief resumes
 His tow'ry helmet, black with shading-plumes;
 His-princess parts with a prophetic-sigh,
 Unwilling-parts, and oft-reverts her eye,
 That-stream'd at every-look; then, moving-slow,
 Sought her own-palace, and indulg'd her-woe.

THE-
TRIUMPH-*of*-FAITH;
EXEMPLIFIED-IN-
The- STORY- of -LA- ROCHE.

MORE than forty-years ago, an-English-philosopher whose works have been read and admired by all-Europe, resided at a little town in-France. Some-disappointments in his native-country had first driven him abroad; and he was afterwards induced to remain there, from having found, in this retreat where the connections even of nation and language were avoided, a perfect seclusion and retirement highly favorable to the developement of abstract subjects, in which he excelled all the writers of his time.

Perhaps, in the structure of such a mind as Mr. H**'s, the finer and more delicate sensibilities are seldom known to have place, or, if originally implanted there,—are in a great measure extinguished by the exertions of intense study and profound investigation. Hence the idea of philosophy and unfeelingness being united, has

become proverbial ; and, in common language, the former word is often used to express the latter. Our philosopher has been censured by some, as deficient in warmth and feeling : but the mildness of his manners has been allowed by all ; and it is certain, that, if he was not easily melted into compassion, it was, at least, not difficult to awaken his benevolence.

One-morning, while he sat busied in those speculations which afterwards astonished the world, an old female-domestic, who served him for a housekeeper, brought him word, that an-elderly-gentleman and his daughter had arrived in the village, the preceding evening, on their way to some distant-country, and that the father had been suddenly-seized in the night with a dangerous disorder, which the people of the inn where they lodged feared would prove-mortal ; that she had been sent for, as having some knowledge in medicine, the village-surgeon being then absent ; and that it was truly-piteous to see the good old man, who seemed not so-much-afflicted by his own-distress, as by that which it caused to his daughter.—Her master laid aside the volume in his hand, and broke-off the chain of ideas it had inspired. His night-gown was exchanged for a coat ; and he followed his-gouvernante to the sick-man's-apartment.

'Twas the best in the little-inn where they lay, but a paltry one notwithstanding. Mr. H** was obliged to stoop as he entered-in. It was floored with earth; and above were the joists, not-plastered, and hung with-cobwebs.—On a flock-bed, at one end, lay the old-man he came to visit; at the foot of it sat his daughter. She was dressed in a clean white-bed-gown; her dark-locks hung loosely over it as she bent forward, watching the languid-looks of her-father. Mr. H** and his housekeeper had stood some-moments in the room without the young-lady being sensible of their entering-it.—'Mademoiselle!' said the old-woman, at-last, in a soft tone.—She turned and shewed one of the finest-faces in the world.—It was touched, not-spoiled with sorrow; and when she perceived a-stranger, whom the old-woman now introduced to her, a-blush at first, and then the gentle-ceremonial of native-politeness, which the affliction of the time tempered but did not extinguish, crossed it for a moment, and changed its expression. 'Twas-sweetness-all, however; and our philosopher felt it strongly. It was not a time for words; he offered his-services in a few sincere-ones. 'Monsieur lies miserably-ill here,' said her master.—He had a spare bed for a friend; and there was a garret room unoccupied, next to the gouvernante's. It was contrived-accordingly. The scruples of the-

stranger, who could look-scruples, though he could not speak-them were overcome; and the bashful-reluctance of his daughter gave-way to her belief of its-use to her-father.—The sick-man was wrapt in blankets, and carried-across the street to the English-gentleman's. The old-woman helped his daughter to nurse him there. The surgeon who arrived soon-after, prescribed a little; and nature did-much for him: in a week he was able to-thank his benefactor.

By that time his host had learned the-name and character of his-guest. He was a-Protestant-clergyman of Switzerland, called-La-Roche, a-widower who had lately-buried his wife, after a long and lingering-illness for which travelling had been prescribed; and was now returning-home after an-ineffectual and melancholy-journey, with his only-child, the-daughter we have mentioned.

He was a-devout-man, as became his-profession.—He possessed-devotion in all its-warmth, but with none of its-asperity; I mean that asperity which men, called-devout, sometimes indulge in. Mr. H**, though he felt no-devotion, never-quarrelled with it in-others. His-gouvernante joined the old-man and his daughter in the-prayers and thanksgiving which they put up on his-recovery; for she too was a-heretic, in the phrase of the-village.—The-

philosopher walked out with his long-staff and his-dog, and left them to their prayers and thanksgivings.—‘My-master,’ said the old woman, ‘alas! he is not a-Christian; but he is the-best of ‘unbelievers’.—‘Not-a-Christian!’ exclaimed Mademoiselle La Roche; ‘yet he saved my father! Heaven bless him for’t; I would he were a-Christian!’—‘There is a pride in human-knowledge, my-child,’ said her father, ‘which often blinds-men to the sub-
 ‘lime-truths of revelation: hence opposers of
 ‘Christianity are found among men of virtuous-
 ‘lives, as-well as among those of dissipated and
 ‘licentious-characters. Nay, sometimes, I
 ‘have known the latter more easily converted
 ‘to the true-faith than the former; because the
 ‘fume of passion is more easily-dissipated
 ‘than the mist of false-theory and delusive-
 ‘speculation.’—‘But-Mr. H**,’ said his
 ‘daughter, alas! my-father, he shall be a
 ‘Christian before-he-dies.’—She was inter-
 rupted by the-arrival of their-landlord.—He
 took her hand with an-air of kindness; she drew
 it away from him in-silence: threw-down
 her eyes to the ground; and left the-room.—
 ‘I have been thanking-God,’ said the good La-
 Roche, ‘for-my-recovery.’ That-is-right,
 replied his landlord.—‘I would not wish,’
 continued the old-man, hesitatingly, ‘to think-
 B ‘other-

' otherwise : did I not look up with gratitude
 ' to that Being, I should barely be satisfied
 ' with my recovery, as a continuation of life,
 ' which it may be, is not a real good :—alas !
 ' I may live to wish I had died ; that you had
 ' left-me to die Sir, instead of kindly-relieving-
 ' me (he - clasped - Mr. H**'s - hand ;)—but,
 ' when I look on this renovated-being as the-
 ' gift of the -Almighty, I feel a far different
 ' sentiment—my heart dilates with gratitude
 ' and love to him : it is prepared for doing his
 ' will not as a-duty, but as a-pleasure ; and
 ' regards every-breach of it, not with disap-
 ' probation, but with horror.'—You say right,
 ' my dear sir,' replied-the-philosopher : ' but
 ' you are not re-established-enough to talk
 ' much, you must take-care of your health, and
 ' neither-study nor preach for some-time. I
 ' have been thinking-over a scheme that struck
 ' me to-day, when you mentioned your intended-
 ' departure. I never was in-Switzerland ;
 ' I have a great mind to-accompany your
 ' daughter and you into that country. I will
 ' help to-take-care of you by the-road ; for,
 ' as I was your-first-physician, I hold myself-
 ' responsible for your cure.' La-Roche's-eyes
 glistened at the proposal ; his daughter was
 called-in and told of it. She was equally-pleased
 with her father ; for they really-loved their
 landlord,

landlord, not perhaps the less for his infidelity ; at least that circumstance mixed a sort of pity with their regard to him—their souls were not of a mould for harsher feelings ; hatred never dwelt in them.

They travelled by short-stages ; for the philosopher was as good as his word, in taking care that the old-man should not be fatigued. The party had time to be well-acquainted with one-another ; and their friendship was-increased by acquaintance. La-Roeche found a degree of simplicity and gentleness in his-companion, which is not always annexed to the character of a learned or a wise man. His-daughter, who was prepared to be afraid of him, was equally-un-deceived. She found in him nothing of that self-importance which superior-parts, or great-cultivation of them, is apt to-confer. He talked of every-thing but philosophy or religion ; he seemed to enjoy every-pleasure and amusement of ordinary-life, and to be interested in the most common-topics of discourse ; when his knowledge or learning at any time appeared, it was delivered with the utmost plainness, and without the least-shadow of dogmatism.

On his part, he was charmed with the-society of the good-clergyman and his lovely-daughter. He found in them the guileless-manner of the

earliest-times, with the culture and accomplishment of the most refined-ones. Every better feeling, warm and vivid; every ungentle one, repressed or overcome. He was not addicted to love; but he felt himself happy in being the friend of Mademoiselle La Roche, and sometimes envied her father the possession of such a child.

After a journey of eleven-days, they arrived at the dwelling of La-Roche. It was situated in one of these valleys of the-canton of Berne, where Nature seems to repose, as it were, in quiet, and has inclosed her-retreat with mountains-inaccessible.—A stream, that spent its-fury in the hills above, ran in front of the house; and a broken water-fall was seen through the wood that covered its-sides: below, it circled round a tufted plain, and formed a little lake in front of a village, at the end of which appeared the-spire of La-Roche's-church, rising-above a clump of beeches.

Mr. H** enjoyed the-beauty of the scene; but to his companions it recalled the-memory of a wife and parent they had lost.—The old man's-sorrow was silent; his daughter sobb'd-and-wept. Her father took her hand, kissed-it-twice, pressed-it to his bosom, threw-up his eyes to heaven; and, having wiped-off a tear that was just about to drop from-each, began to point

point out to his guest some of the most striking objects which the prospect afforded. The philosopher interpreted all this ; and he could but slightly-censure the creed from which it arose.

They had not been long-arrived, when a number of La-Roche's-parishioners, who had heard of his-return, came to the house to see and welcome him. The honest-folks were awkward, but-sincere, in their professions of regard—They made some-attempts at condolence ; it was too-delicate for their-handling ; but La-Roche took it in good-part. ' It has pleased-God,' said he ; and they saw he had settled-the-matter with himself. Philosophy could not have done so-much with a thousand words.

It was now-evening, and the good-peasants were about to-depart, when a clock was heard to strike seven ; and the hour was-followed by a particular chime. The country-folks who had come to welcome their pastor, turned their looks towards-him at the sound ; he explained their-meaning to his guest. ' That is the-signal,' said he ' for our evening-exercise ; this is one of the nights of the-week in which some of my-parishioners are wont to join in it ; a little rustic-saloon serves for the-chapel of our family, and such of the good-people as are with us ;—if you chuse rather to-walk-out, I will furnish you with an-attendant ; or here

are

' are a few old books that may afford some-entertainment within.'—' By no means,' answered the philosopher; ' I will attend-Ma'moiselle at her devotions.'—' She is our-organist,' said-La-Roche; ' our-neighbour-hood is the country of musical-mechanism; and I have a small organ fitted-up for the purpose of assisting our singing.'—' 'Tis an additional inducement,' replied the other; and they walked into the room-together.—At the end stood the organ mentioned by La-Roche; before it a curtain, which his daughter drew-aside; and, placing-herself on a seat within, and drawing the curtain close so as to save her the-awkwardness of an-exhibition, began-a-voluntary, solemn and beautiful in the highest-degree. Mr. H** was-no-musician; but he was not-altogether-insensible to music: this fastened on his mind more strongly from its-beauty being unexpected. The solemn-prelude introduced a hymn, in which such of the audience as could sing immediately-joined; the words were mostly taken from holy-writ; it spoke the-praises of God, and his care of good-men. Something was said of the-death of the just, of such as-die in the-Lord.—The organ was-touched with a hand less-firm;—it-paused; it-ceased; and the-sobbing of Ma'moiselle-La-Roche was heard in-stead. Her father-gave

a sign for stopping the psalmody and rose to pray. He was discomposed at first and his voice faltered as he spoke ; but his heart was in his words, and his warmth overcame his embarrassment. He addressed a-Being whom he loved; and he spoke for those he-loved. His-parishioners caught the-ardour of the good-old-man ; even-the-philosopher felt himself-moved, and-forgot for a moment, to-think why he should-not.

La-Roche's-religion was that of sentiment, not-theory ; and his guest was averse from disputation : their discourse, therefore, did not lead to questions concerning the-belief of either, yet would the old-man sometimes speak of his, from the fulness of a heart impressed with its-force, and wishing to-spread the pleasure he enjoyed in it. The ideas of his God, and his Saviour, were so-congenial to his mind, that every emotion of it naturally awaked-them. A-philosopher might have called him an-enthusiast ; but, if he possessed the-fervour of enthusiasts, he was guiltless of their-bigotry. ' Our-Father which art in heaven ! ' might the good-man say—for he felt-it—and all mankind were-his-brethren.

' You-regret, my-friend,' said he to Mr H**,
' when my daughter and I talk of the ex-
' quisite-pleasure derived from-music ; you
regret

' regret your want of musical - powers and
 ' musical-feelings ; it is a department of soul,
 ' you-say, which nature has almost denied-
 ' you, which, from the effects you see it have
 ' on others, you are sure must be highly-delight-
 ' ful.—Why should not the same-thing be said
 ' of religion ? Trust-me, I feel it in the same-
 ' way ; an-energy, an-inspiration, which I
 ' would not lose for all the-blessings of sense
 ' or enjoyments of the world ; yet, so-far from
 ' lessening my relish of the-pleasures of life,
 ' methinks I feel it heighten-them-all. The
 ' thought of receiving it from-God, adds the
 ' blessing of sentiment to that of sensation in
 ' every good thing I possess ; and when cala-
 ' mities overtake me—and I have had my-share,
 ' it confers a dignity on my affliction,—so lifts
 ' me above the world.—Man, I know, is but a
 ' worm—yet, methinks, I am then-allied to
 ' God !'—It would have been-inhuman in our-
 philosopher to have clouded, even with a-doubt,
 the-sunshine of this-belief. —

His-discourse, indeed, was very-remote from
 metaphysical-disquisition, or religious contro-
 versy.—Of all men I ever knew, his ordinary
 conversation was the least tinctured with pe-
 dantry, or liable to disputation. With La-Roche
 and his daughter it was perfectly-familiar. The
 country round-them, the manners of the-village,

the

the comparison of both with those of England, remarks on the works of favourite - authors, on the sentiments they conveyed, and the passions they excited, with many other topics in which there was an-equality or alternate advantage among the speakers, were the subjects they talked-on. Their-hours, too, of riding and walking, were-many, in which Mr. H***, as a stranger, was shewn the remarkable-scenes and curiosities of the country. They would sometimes make little - expeditions, to-contemplate, in different attitudes, those astonishing-mountain, the-cliffs of which covered with eternal-snows, and sometimes shooting into fantastic-shapes, form the termination of most of the Swiss-prospects. Our-philosopher asked many questions as to their natural-history and productions. La-Roche observed the sublimity of the ideas which the view of their stupenduous-summits, inaccessible to mortal-foot, was calculated to inspire, which naturally, said-he, leads the mind to-that-Being by whom their foundations were-laid.—‘ They are not seen in-Flanders !’ said-Ma’moiselle, with-a-sigh. ‘ That’s-an-odd-remark,’ said-Mr. H**, smiling.—She-blushed, and he enquired-no-farther.

‘T was-with-regret he left a-society in which he found himself so-happy ; but he settled with La-Roche and his-daughter a plan of correspondence ;

pondence ; and they took his promise, that, if ever he came within fifty-leagues to visit them.

About three-years after, our-philosopher was on a visit at Geneva ; the-promise he made to La-Roche and his-daughter, on his former visit, was-recalled to his mind, by the view, of that-range of mountains, on a part of which they had often looked-together. There was a reproach too, conveyed along with the recollection, for his having failed to-write to either for several-months-past. The truth was, that indolence was the habit most-natural to him, from which he was not-easily roused by the claims of correspondence either of his-friends or of his-enemies : when the latter drew their pens in controversy they were often-unanswered as well as the former. While he was hesitating about a visit to La-Roche, which he wished to make, but found the effort rather-too-much for him, he received a letter from the-old-man which had been forwarded to him from-Paris, where he had then his fixed-residence. It contained a-gentle-complaint of Mr.H**'s want of punctuality, but an-assurance of continued-gratitude for his former-good-offices ; and as a friend whom the writer considered-interested in his family, it informed him of the approaching-nuptials of Ma'moiselle-La-Roche, with a young man, a relation of her-own, and formerly a-pupil

pil of her-father's, of the most amiable-disposi-
 tions, and respectable character. Attached from
 their earliest-years, they had been separated by
 his joining one of the subsidiary-regiments of the
 Canton, then in the-service of a foreign power.
 In this situation he had distinguished-himself as
 much for-courage and military-skill, as for the
 other-endowments which he had cultivated at
 home. The term of his service was now expi-
 red ; and they expected him to-return in a few
 weeks when the old-man hoped, as he expressed
 it in his letter, to-join their hands, and see them
 happy before-he-died.

Our-philosopher felt himself interested in this
 event ; but he was not, perhaps, altogether-so-
 happy in the tidings of Ma'moiselle-La-Roche's-
 marriage, as her father supposed-him.—Not that
 he was ever a lover of the-lady's ; but he
 thought her one of the most amiable-women he
 had seen ; and there was something in the-idea of
 her being another's for-ever, that struck him,
 he knew not why, like-a-disappointment.—Af-
 ter some little-speculation on the matter, how-
 ever, he could look on it as a thing fitting, if not
 quite-agreeable, and determined on this visit
 to see his - old - friend and his daughter -
 happy.

On the last-day of his journey, different-acci-
 dents had retarded his progress; he was benighted
 before he reached the-quarter in which La-Roche-

resided. His guide, however, was well-acquainted with the road ; and he found himself, at-last, in view of the lake which I have before described, in the neighbourhood of La-Roche's dwelling. A light gleamed on the water, that seemed to proceed from the house ; it moved slowly along as he proceeded up the side of the lake ; and at last he saw it glimmer through the-trees, and stop at some distance from the place where he then-was. He supposed it some piece of bridal-merriment, and pushed-on his horse, that he might be a-spectator of the scene ; but he was a good deal-shocked, on approaching the-spot, to find it proceed from the torch of a person clothed in the dress of an-attendant on a funeral, and accompanied by-several-others, who, like him, seemed to have been-employed in the-rites of sepulture.

On-Mr. H**'s making enquiry who was the person they had been-burying ? one of them, with an-accent more mournful than is common to their profession, answered, ' Then you knew-not-Mademoiselle, Sir !—you never beheld a-loveller'—' La-Roche ! ' exclaimed he in reply ' Alas ! it was she-Indeed !—The appearance of surprise and grief which his countenance assumed, attracted the notice of the-peasant with whom he walked.—He came up closer to Mr. H**, I perceive, sir, you were acquainted with

with 'Mademoiselle-La-Roche.'—'Acquainted-
 'with-her?—Good-God!—when—how—where
 'did she die?—Where is her-father?'—'She-
 'died, sir, of-heartbreak, I-believe: the young-
 'gentleman to whom she was soon to have been-
 'married, was killed in-a-duel by a-French-
 'officer, his intimate companion; and to whom,
 'before their quarrel, he had done the-greatest-
 'favours. Her worthy-father bears her death,
 'as he has often told us a-Christian-should: he
 'is even so-composed as to be now in his-pulpit,
 'ready to deliver a-few-exhortations to his pa-
 'rishioners, as is the custom with us on such-
 'occasions:—Follow-me, sir; and you shall
 'hear-him.'—He followed the man without-
 answering. —

The church was dimly-lighted, except near
 the-pulpit, where the venerable-La-Roche was
 seated. His people were now lifting-up their
 voices in a psalm to-that-Being whom their-pas-
 tor had taught them ever-to-bless and to-revere.
 La-Roche-sat, his figure bending-gently-forward,
 his eyes half-closed, lifted-up in silent-devotion.
 A-lamp, placed near him, threw its light strong
 on his head, and marked the-shadowy lines of
 age across the-paleness of his brow, thinly cove-
 red with grey-hairs.

The-music-ceased,—La-Roche sat for a mo-
 ment, and nature wrung a-few-tears from him.
 His

His people were-loud in their-grief. Mr. H** was not less-affected than they,—La-Rochearose. ‘Father-of-mercies!’ said-he, ‘forgive-these-tears: assist thy servant to-lift-up his soul to thee; to lift to thee the-souls of thy-people!—My-friends! it is good so-to-do: at all seasons it is good; but, in the days of our distress, what-a-privilege it is! Well saith the sacred-book,’ ‘Trust in the Lord; at-all-times trust in the Lord.’ ‘When every other support fails-us, when the fountains of worldly-comfort are dried-up, let us then seek those-living-waters which flow from the-throne of God.—’Tis-only from the belief of the-goodness and wisdom of a-Supreme-Being, that our calamities can be borne in that manner which becomes a man. Human-wisdom is here of little-use; for, in-proportion, as it bestows comfort, it represses feeling; without-which we may cease to be hurt by calamity, but we shall also cease to enjoy happiness.—I will not bid you be-insensible, my-friends! I-cannot, I-cannot, if I would’—(his-tears-flowed-afresh) ‘I feel too-much-myself; and I am not-ashamed of my-feelings; but therefore may I the more willingly be-heard; therefore have I prayed God to give me strength to-speak to you; to direct you to him, not with empty-words, but with these-tears; not from speculation, but from

‘ experience,—that while you see-me-suffer, you
‘ may know also my-consolation.

‘ You behold the-mourner of his-only-child,
‘ the last earthly stay-and-blessing of his declin-
‘ ing-years! Such-a-child-too!—It becomes not
‘ me to-speak of her-virtues; yet it is but-gra-
‘ titude to mention them, because, they were
‘ exerted towards-myself.—Not many days ago
‘ you saw her young, beautiful, virtuous-and-
‘ happy;—ye who are parents will-judge of
‘ my felicity-then,—ye will judge of my-afflic-
‘ tion-now. But I look towards-him who struck-
‘ me; I see the-hand of a-father amidst the-
‘ chastenings of my-God:—Oh! could I make
‘ you-feel what it is to-pour-out the heart,
‘ when it is pressed-down with many-sorrows,
‘ to pour it out with-confidence to him, in
‘ whose hands are life-and-death; on whose
‘ power awaits all that the first enjoys; and in
‘ contemplation of whom disappears all that the
‘ last can inflict!—For we are not as those who
‘ die without-hope; we-know that our Re-
‘ deemer-liveth, that we shall live-with-him,
‘ with our-friends his-servants, in that blessed-
‘ land where sorrow is-unknown, and happiness
‘ is-endless as it is perfect.—Go-then; mourn-
‘ not-for-me; I have not-lost my child; but-a-
‘ little-while, and we shall meet-again, never

‘ to be separated.—But ye are also-my-children :
 ‘ Would-ye that I should grieve without-com-
 ‘ fort ?—So-live as she-lived ; that when your
 ‘ death-cometh, it may be the-death of the-
 ‘ righteous, and your latter-end-like-his.’

Such was the-exhortation of La-Roche ; his audience answered-it with their-tears. The good old-man had dried-up-his at the-altar of the Lord ; his-countenance had lost its-sadness, and assumed the-glow of faith and of hope.—Mr. H** followed-him into his-house. The inspiration of the-pulpit was past ; at-sight of him, the scenes they had last-met-in rushed again on his mind ; La-Roche threw his arms round his neck, and watered-it with his-tears. The other was equally-affected ; they went together, in-silence, into the-parlour where the evening-service was wont to be performed.—The-curtains of the organ were-open ; La-Roche started-back at the sight.—Oh ! my ‘ friend !’ said-he ; and his tears burst-forth-again. Mr. H** had now recollected-himself ; he stept forward, and threw the curtaine close—the old-man wiped off his tears ; and, taking his friend’s-hand, ‘ you see my-weakness,’ said-he ; ‘ ’tis the ‘ weakness of humanity ; but my comfort is not ‘ therefore-lost.’—‘ I heard you,’ said the other, ‘ in-the-pulpit ; I rejoice that such-consolation ‘ is yours.’—‘ It-is, my-friend,’ said-he ;

‘ and I trust I shall ever hold it fast ;—if there
 ‘ are any who-doubt our faith, let them think
 ‘ of what-importance religion is to-calamity, and
 ‘ forbear to weaken its-force ; if they cannot
 ‘ restore-our-happiness, let them not-take-away
 ‘ the solace of our-affliction.’

Mr. H**’s heart-was-smitten ;—and I have
 heard-him, long-after, confess, that there were-
 moments when the remembrance overcame-him
 even to weakness ; when amidst all the pleasures
 of philosophical-discovery, and the pride of
 literary-fame, he-recalled to his mind the-vener-
 able-figure of the-good-La-Roche and wished he-
 had-never-doubted.

THE.
PROGRESS.
OF.
DISCONTENT.

WHEN now, mature in classic knowledge,
The joyful youth is sent to college,
His father comes, an-humble-sultor,
With bows and speeches to his tutor :

“ Sir, give me leave to recommend him,
“ I’m sure you cannot but befriend him ;
“ I’ll warrant that his good behav’our
“ Shall justify your future favour :
“ And for his parts, to tell the truth,
“ My son’s a very forward-youth ;
“ He’s young indeed, but he has spirit,
“ And wants but means to shew his merit ;
“ Has Horace all by heart—you’d-wonder,
“ And mouths out Homer’s Greek like-thunder.
“ If you’d but venture to admit him,
“ A scholarship would nicely fit him ;
“ That he succeeds ’tis ten to one,
“ Your vote and interest, Sir :”—’tis-done.

Our candidate at length gets in,
 A hopeful scholar of Coll. Trin.
 A scholarship not half-maintains,
 And college-rules are heavy-chains ;
 So, scorning the late wish'd-for prize,
 For a fat fellowship he sighs.

When, nine full tedious winters-past,
 His utmost wish is-crown'd at last ;
 That utmost wish no-sooner got,
 Again he quarrels with his lot.—
 " These fellowships are pretty-things,
 " We live, indeed, like petty kings ;
 " But who can bear to spend his whole age
 " Amid the dullness of a college ;
 " Debarr'd the common-joys of life,
 " And what is worse than-all—a-wife !
 " Would some snug-benefice but fall,
 " Ye-feasts, and-gaudies, farewell-all !
 " To offices I'd bid adieu
 " Of-Dean, Vice-Præs.—nay Bursar too ;
 " Come tythes, come glebe, come fields so-pleasant,
 " Come-sports, come-partridge, hare-and-pheasant."

Well—after waiting many a year,
 A living falls,—two hundred clear.
 With breast elate beyond-expression,
 He hurries down to take possession ;
 With rapture views the sweet retreat,—
 " What a convenient house ! how-neat !

" The garden how compleatly-plann'd !
 " And is all this at my-command !
 " For fuel here's good-store of wood,—
 " Pray-God the cellars be but-good, "

Continuing this fantastic-farce-on,
 He now commences country-parson ;
 To make his character entire,
 He weds a—cousin of the 'squire ;
 Not over-weighty in the purse ;
 But many doctors have done-worse.
 Content at first,—he taps his-barrel,
 Exhorts his neighbours not to quarrel ;
 Finds his church-wardens have discerning
 Both in good-liquor and good-learning ;
 With tythes his barns replete he sees,
 And chuckles o'er his surplice-fees ;
 Studies to find out latent-dues,
 Smokes with the 'squire,—and clips his yews ;
 Of Oxford pranks, facetious-tells,
 And, but on Sundays, hears-no-bells.
 But ah ! too-soon his thoughtless-breast
 By cares domestic is-opprest ;
 Each-day some scene of woe-commences
 By new and unforeseen-expences ;
 And soon the butcher's-bill, and-brewing,
 Threaten inevitable ruin ;
 For children more-expences-yet,
 And-Dickey now for school is-fit ;

AN.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN-IN-A-

COUNTRY-CHURCH-YARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting-day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to-darkness and to-me.

Now fades the glimmering-landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony-flight,
And drowsy-tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled-tow'r,
The moping-owl does to the moon complain
Of such, as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient, solitary-reign.

Beneath these rugged-elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
 Each in his narrow-cell for ever-laid,
 The rude-forefathers of the hamlet-sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing-morn,
 The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built-shed
 The cock's shrill-clarion, or the echoing-horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly-bed.

For them no more the blazing-hearth shall burn,
 Or busy-housewife ply her evening-care :
 Nor children run to lip their sire's-return,
 Or climb his-knees the envied-kiss to share.

Oft-did the harvest to their sickle-yield,
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How-jocund did they drive their teams-afield !
 How bow'd the-woods beneath their sturdy-
 stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful-toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple-annals of the-poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await, alike, th' inevitable-hour;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted-vault,
 The pealing-anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting-breath?
 Can Honor's-voice provoke the silent-dust,
 Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold-ear of death?

Perhaps in this neglected-spot is laid
 Some heart once-pregnant with celestial-fire;
 Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to-extasy the living-lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample-page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill-penury repress'd their noble-rage,
 And froze the-genial-current of the-soul.

Full many a gem, of purest-ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd-caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flow'r is born to-blush-unseen,
 And waste its-sweetness on the desert-air.

Some-village-Hampden, that with dauntless-breast
 The little-tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious-Milton here may rest;
 Some-Cromwell guiltless of his country's-blood.

Th' applause of list'ning-senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to-despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their-history in a nation's eyes,

Their-lot-forbad; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
 Forbad to wade through-slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the-gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious-truth to hide,
 To-quench the blushes of ingenuous-shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's-flame.

Far from the madding-crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never-learn'd to stray ;
 Along the cool sequester'd-vale of life
 They kept the-noiseless-tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to-protect,
 Some frail-memorial still erected-nigh,
 With uncouth-rhimes and shapeless-sculpture deck'
 Implores the passing-tribute of a sigh.

Their-name, their-years, spelt by th' unletter'd-
 muse,
 The place of fame and elegy-supply :
 And many a-holy-text around she strews,
 That teach the-rustic-moralist to die.

For-who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious-being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm-precincts of the chearful-day,
 Nor cast one-longing, ling'ring, look-behind?

On some fond breast the parting-soul relies,
 Some-pious-drops the closing-eye requires :
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature-cries,
 Ev'n in our-ashes live their wonted-fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonor'd-dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless-tale relate;
 If, chance, by lonely-contemplation led,
 Some kindred-spirit shall inquire thy-fate;

Happy some hoary-headed-swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
 To meet the-sun upon the upland-lawn.

There, at the foot of yonder nodding-beech,
 That writhes its old fantastic-roots so high,
 His listless-length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the-brook that babbles-by.

Hard by yon-wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward-fancies, he would rove,
 Now-drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
 Or-craz'd with care, or cross'd with hopeless-
 love.

One-morn I miss'd him on the custom'd-hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite-tree:
 Another-came; nor-yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the-lawn, nor at the wood was-he.

The-next, with dirges due, in-sad-array,
 Slow thro' the church-yard-path we saw him
 borne.

Approach and read (for-thou-canst-read) the-lay,
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon-aged-thorn."

There scatter'd oft, the-earliest of the-year,
 By-hands-unseen are show'rs-of-violets found,
 The redbreast loves-to-build and warble-there,
 And-little-footsteps lightly print-the-ground.

THE

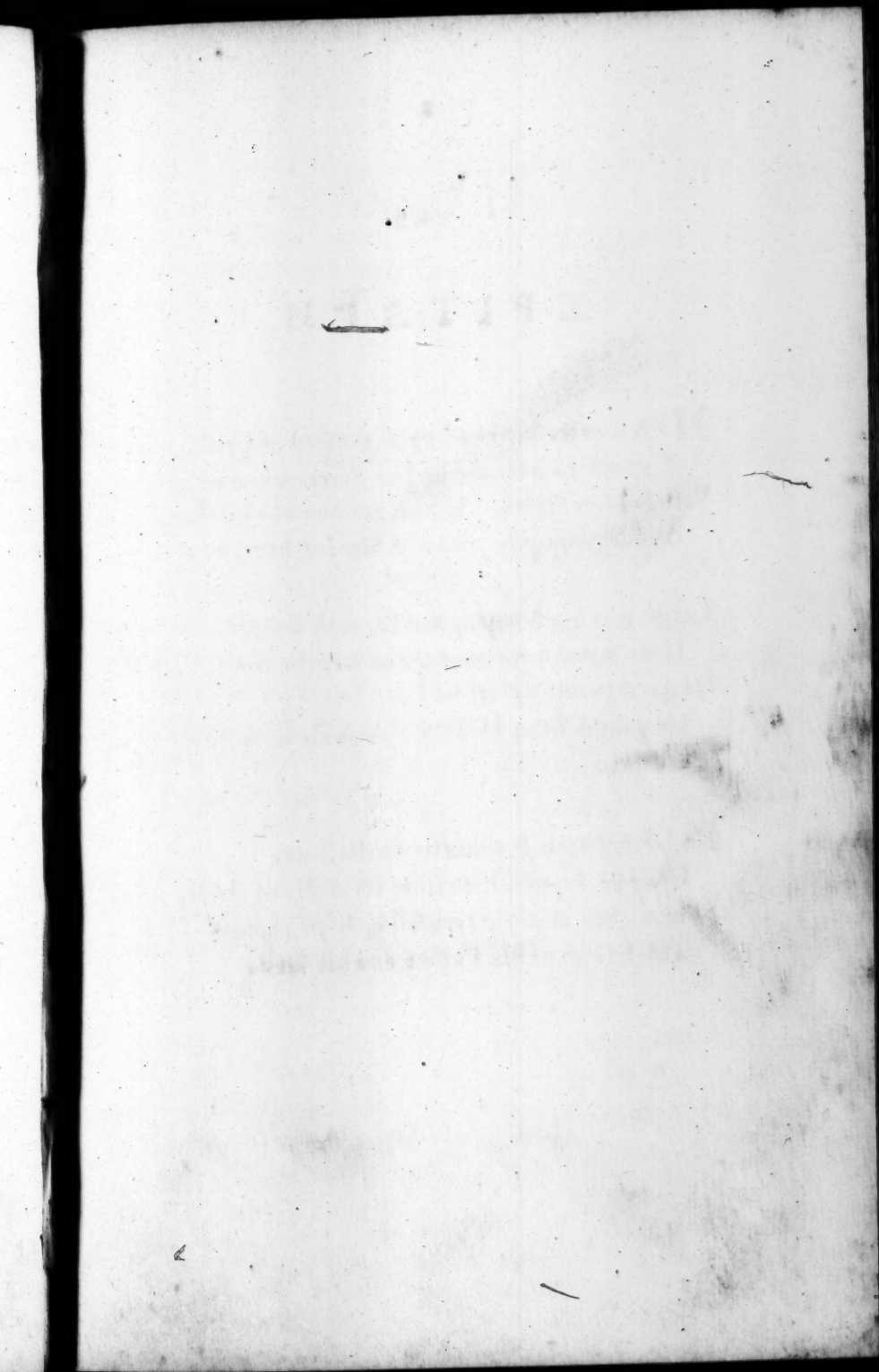
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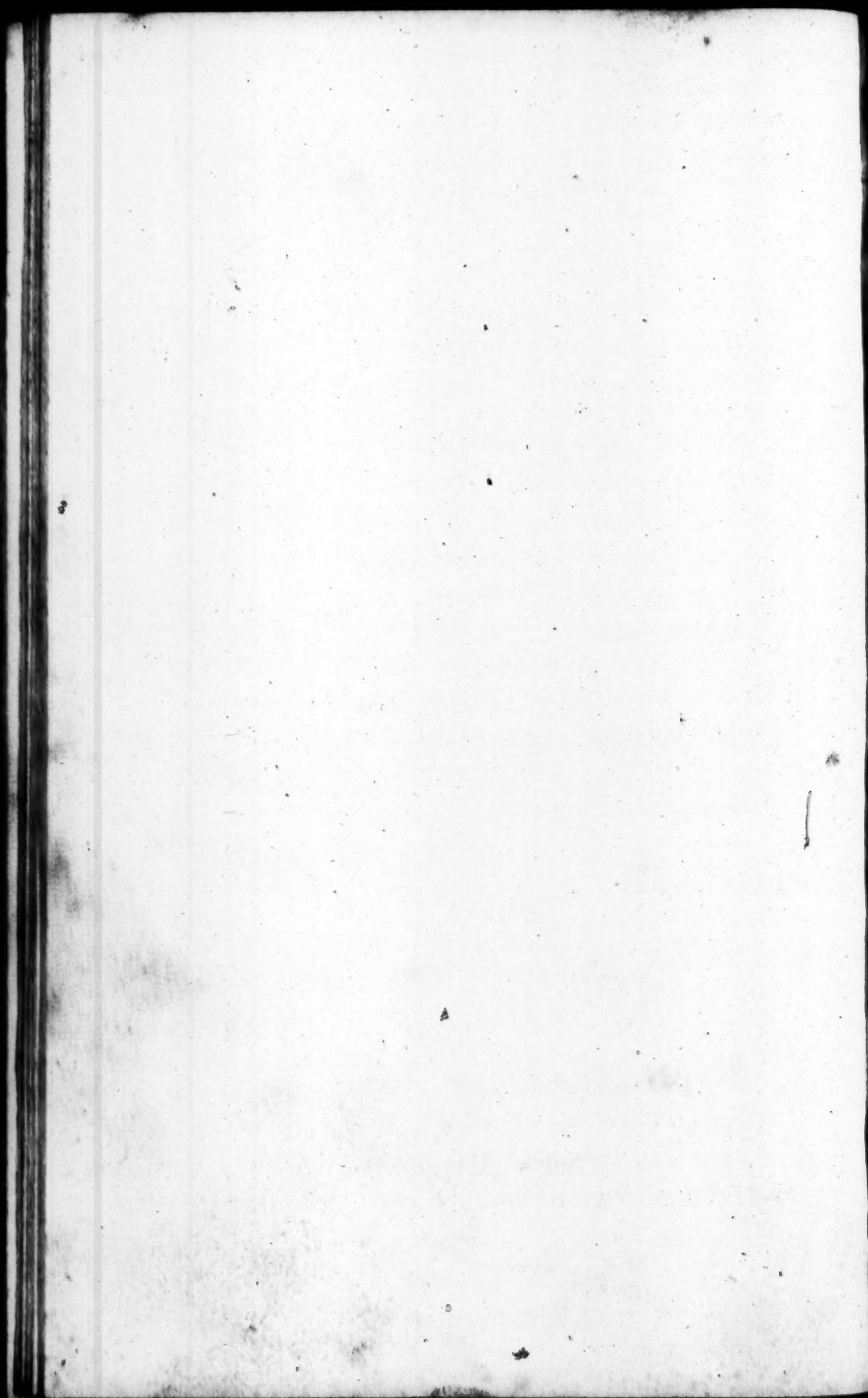
E P I T A P H.

HERE rests his-head upon the-lap of earth,
 A youth to-Fortune and to Fame-unknown;
 Fair-Science frown'd not on his humble-birth,
 And-Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his-bounty, and his soul-sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as-largely-send:
 He gave to-mis'ry all he had, a-tear;
 He gain'd from-Heav'n ('twas all-he-wish'd) a
 friend.

No farther seek his-merits to disclose,
 Or draw his-frailties from their dread-abode,
 (There they alike in-trembling-hope-repose)
 The-bosom of his-Father and his-God.





COLIN.

AND .

LUCY.

OF Leinster fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;
Ner e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect a fairer face ;

'Till luckless love and pining cure
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her dainty lip, her damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Ah ! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend ?
So droop'd this slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

E

By

By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
 Take heed, ye easy fair ;
 Of vengeance due to broken vows,
 Ye flatt'ring swains, beware !

Three times all in the dead of night,
 A bell was heard to ring ;
 And at her window, shrieking thrice,
 The raven flap'd his wing.

Full well the love-lorn maiden knew
 The solemn-boding sound,
 And thus in dying words bespoke
 The virgins weeping round.

" I hear a voice you cannot hear,
 " That cries, I must not stay ;
 " I see a hand you cannot see,
 " That beckons me away.

" Of a false swain, and broken heart,
 " In early youth I die ;
 " Am I to blame, because the bride
 " Is twice as rich as I ?

" Ah, Colin, give not her thy vows,
 " Vows due to me alone !

" Nor

" Nor thou, rash girl, receive his kiss,
 " Nor think him all thy own !

" To-morrow in the church to wed
 " Impatient both prepare :
 " But know, false man, and know, fond maid,
 " Poor Lucy will be there.

" Then bear my corse, ye comrades dear,
 " The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 " He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 " I in my winding-sheet."

She spake, she dy'd, her corse was borne,
 The bridegroom blithe to meet ;
 He in his wedding-trim so gay,
 She in her winding-sheet.

What then were Colin's dreadful thoughts ;
 How were these nuptials kept ?
 The bride-men flock'd round Lucy dead,
 And all the village wept.

Compassion, shame, remorse, despair,
 At once his bosom swell :
 The damps of death bedew'd his brow,
 He groan'd, he shook, he fell.

From the vain bride, a bride no more,
 The varying crimson fled;
 When, stretch'd beside her rival's corse,
 She saw her lover dead.

He to his Lucy's new-made grave,
 Convey'd by trembling swains,
 In the same mould, beneath one sod,
 For-ever now remains.

Oft at this place the constant hind
 And plighted-maid are seen;
 With garlands gay, and true-love knots
 They deck the sacred-green.

But, swain-forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
 This hallow'd-ground forbear!
 Remember Colin's dreadful-fate,
 And fear to-meet him there.

THE.
S T O R Y.
OF.
OLD-ALBANY.

IN this first indulgence of grief which she had granted to her disappointment, she was soon interrupted by a summons down-stairs to a gentleman. Unfit-and-unwilling to be seen, she begged that he might leave his name, and appoint a time for calling-again. Her maid brought for answer, that he believed his name was unknown to her, and desired to see her now, unless she was employed in some matter of moment. She then went into the parlour, where she beheld Mr. Albany. 'How little sir,' she cried, 'did I expect this pleasure.' 'This pleasure,' repeated he, 'do you call it?—what strange abuse of words! what causeless trifling with honesty! is language of no purpose but to wound the ear with untruths? Is the gift of speech only granted us to pervert the use of understanding? I can give you no pleasure, I

have no power to give it to any one; you can give none to me—the whole world could not invest you with the means! ‘Well, sir,’ said Cecilia, who had little spirit to defend herself, ‘I will not vindicate the expression, but of this I will unfeignedly assure you, I am at least as glad to see you just now, as I should be to see any body.’ ‘Your eyes,’ cried he, ‘are red, your voice is inarticulate,—young, rich, and attractive, the world at your feet; that world yet untried, and its falsehood unknown, how have you thus found means to anticipate misery? which way have you uncovered the cauldron of human woes? Fatal and early anticipation! that cover once removed, can never be replaced; those woes, those boiling woes, will pour out upon you continually, and only when your heart ceases to beat, will their ebullition cease to torture you!’ ‘Alas!’ cried Cecilia, shuddering, ‘how cruel, yet how true!’

‘Why went you,’ cried he, ‘to the cauldron? it came not to you? Misery seeks not man, but man misery. He walks out in the sun but stops not for a cloud; confident, he pursues his way, till the storm which, gathering, he might have avoided, bursts over his devoted head. Scared and amazed, he repents his temerity; he calls, but it is then too late! he runs,
but

but it is thunder which follows him ! Such is the presumption of man, such at once is the arrogance and shallowness of his nature ! And thou, simple and blind ! hast thou, too, followed whither fancy has led thee, unheeding that thy career was too vehement for tranquillity, nor missing that lovely companion of youth's early innocence, till, adventurous and unthinking, thou hast lost her for ever ! ' It is too true,'—said Cecilia, and the tears she had just and with difficulty restrained, again forced their way down her cheek,—I have lost her for ever ! ' Poor-thing ! said he, while the rigor of his countenance was softened into the gentlest commiseration, ' so-young !'—looking, too, so-innocent !—' t is-hard ! And is nothing left thee ? no small remaining hope, to cheat, humanely cheat, thy yet not wholly extinguished credulity ?' Cecilia wept without answering.

' Let me not,' said he, ' waste my compassion upon nothing ; compassion is with me no effusion of affectation ; tell me, then, if thou deservest it, or if thy misfortunes are imaginary, and thy grief is factitious ?' ' Factitious,' repeated-she, ' good-heaven !' ' answer me, then, these questions, in which I shall comprise the only calamities for which sorrow has no controul, or none from human motives. Tell me, then have you lost by death the friend of your bosom ?'

besom!' 'No!' 'Is your fortune dissipated by extravagance, and your power of relieving the distressed at an end?' 'No; the power and the will are I hope equally undiminished.' 'O then, unhappy-girl? have you been guilty of some-vice, and hangs-remorse thus heavy on your conscience?'

'No, no; thank-heaven, to that misery, at least, I am a stranger!' His countenance now again resumed its severity, and in the sternest manner, 'whence then,' he said, 'these-tears? and what is this caprice you dignify with the name of sorrow?—strange wantonness of indolence and luxury! perverse repining of ungrateful plentitude! oh hadst thou known what I have suffered!'—'Could I lessen what you have suffered,' said Cecilia, 'I should sincerely rejoice; but heavy indeed must be your affliction, if mine in its comparison deserves to be styled caprice!'

'Caprice!' repeated he, ''tis-joy, 'tis-ex-tacy compared with mine!—Thou hast not in licentiousness wasted thy inheritance! thou hast not by remorse barred each avenue to enjoyment! nor yet has the cold-grave seized the -beloved of thy-soul!' 'Neither,' said Cecilia, 'I hope, are the evils you have yourself sustained so-irremediable?' 'Yes, I have borne them all!—have-borne? I bear them still;

I shall bear them while I breathe! I may rue them perhaps yet longer.' ' Good-God !' cried Cecilia, shrinking, ' what a world is this ; how full of woe and wickedness !' Yet thou too, canst-complain,' cried he, ' though happy in life's only blessing, Innocence ! thou, too, canst murmur, though stranger to death's only terror Sin ! O yet, if thy sorrow is unpolluted with guilt, be regardless of all else, and rejoice in thy destiny !' ' But who,' cried she, deeply-sighing, ' shall teach me such a lesson of joy, when all within rises to oppose it ?' ' I,' cried he, ' will teach it thee, for I will tell thee my own sad-story. Then wilt thou find how much happier is thy lot, then wilt thou raise thy head in thankful triumph-' ' O, no ! triumph comes not so lightly !—yet if you will venture to trust me with some account of yourself, I shall be glad to hear it, and much-obliged by the communication.'

' I will,' he answered, ' whatever I may suffer : to awaken thee from this dream of fancied sorrow I will open all my wounds, and thou shalt probe them with fresh-shame.'—' No, indeed,' cried Cecilia, with-quickness, ' I will not hear you, if the relation be so-painful.' ' Upon me this humanity is lost,' said he, ' since punishment and penitence alone give me comfort. I will tell thee, therefore, my-crimes, that thou mayest

mayest know thine own felicity, lest, ignorant it means nothing but innocence, thou shouldst lose it, unconscious of its value. Listen then to me, and learn what misery is! Guilt is alone the basis of lasting-unhappiness;—Guilt is the basis of mine, and therefore I am a wretch for-ever! Cecilia would have again declined hearing him, but he refused to be spared: and as her curiosity had long been excited to know something of his history, and the motives of his extraordinary-conduct, she was glad to have it satisfied, and gave him the utmost-attention.

‘ I will not speak to you of my family, said he; ‘ historical-accuracy would little answer to either of us. I am a native of the West-Indies, and I was early sent hither to be educated. While I was yet at the university, I saw, I adored, and I pursued the fairest-flower that ever put forth its sweet buds, the softest-heart that ever was-broken by ill-usage! She was poor and unprotected, the daughter of a villager; she was untaught and unpretending, the child of simplicity! But fifteen summers had she bloomed, and her heart was an-easy-conquest; yet, once made-mine, it resisted all allurement to-infidelity. My fellow-students attacked her; she was assaulted by all the arts of seduction, flattery, bribery, supplication, all were employed, yet all failed; she was wholly my own; and
with

with sincerity so-attractive, I determined to marry her in defiance of all worldly-objections.

‘ The sudden-death of my father called me hastily to Jamaica ; I feared leaving this treasure unguarded, yet in decency could neither marry nor take her directly ; I pledged my faith, therefore, to return to her, as soon as I had settled my affairs, and I left to a bosom friend the inspection of her conduct in my absence.

‘ To leave her was-madness,—to trust in man was-madness.—O, hateful-race ! how has the world been abhorrent to me since that time ! I have loathed the light of the sun, I have shrunk from the commerce of my fellow-creatures ; the voice of man I have detested, his sight I have abominated !—but oh, more than all should I be abominated-myself !

‘ When I came to my fortune, intoxicated with sudden-power, I forgot this fair-blossom, I revelled in licentiousness and vice, and left it exposed and forlorn. Riot succeeded riot, till a fever incurred by mine own-intemperance, first gave me time to think. Then was she revenged, for then first remorse was my portion : her image was brought back to my mind with frantic-fondness, and bitterest contrition. The moment I recovered, I returned to England ; I flew to claim her,—but she was lost ! no one

knew

knew whither she was gone ; the wretch I had trusted pretended to know least of all ; yet after a furious search, I traced her to a cottage, where he had concealed her himself !

‘ When she saw me, she-screamed and would have flown ; I stopt her, and told her I came faithfully and honorably to make her my wife : —her own faith and honor, though-sullied, were not extinguished, for she instantly-acknowledged the fatal-tale of her undoing !

‘ Did I recompence this ingenuousness ? this-unexampled, this beautiful sacrifice to intuitive integrity ! Yes, with my curses ! I loaded her with execrations, I reviled her in language the most-opprobrious, I insulted her even for her confession ! I invoked all-evil upon her from the-bottom of my heart !—She knelt at my feet, she implored my-forgiveness and compassion, she-wept with the-bitterness of despair,—and yet I spurned her from me !—Spurned ?—let me not hide my shame ! I barbarously struck her ! nor single was the blow !—it was doubled, it was reiterated !—O-wretch, unyielding-and-unpitying !—where shall hereafter be-clemency for thee !—So fair a form ! so-young a-culprit ! so infamously seduced ! so humbly penitent !

‘ In this miserable-condition, helpless and de-plorable, mangled by these savage-hands, and reviled by this inhuman-tongue, I left her, in-

search

search of the villain who had destroyed her : but, cowardly as treacherous, he had absconded. Repenting my fury, I hastened to her again?—the fierceness of my cruelty shamed - me when I grew calmer, the softness of her sorrow melted me upon recollection : I returned, therefore, to soothe her,—but again she was gone! terrified with expectation of insult, she hid herself from all my enquiries. I wandered in search of her two long years to no purpose, regardless of my affairs, and of all things but that pursuit—At length, I thought I saw her—in-London, alone, and walking in the streets at-midnight.—I fearfully followed-her—and followed her into an-house of infamy!

• The wretches by whom she was surrounded were noisy and drinking, they heeded me little, but she saw and knew me at-once!—She did not speak, nor did I,—but in two moments she-fainted, and-fell.

• Yet did I not help her; the people took their own measures to recover her, and when she was again able to-stand, would have removed her to another-apartment.

• I then went forward, and forcing them away from her with all the strength of desperation, I turned to the unhappy-sinner, who to chance only seemed to leave what became of her, and-cried, from this scene of vice and horror let

me yet rescue you! you look still-unfit for such society, trust-yourself, therefore, to-me. I seized her hand, I drew, I almost dragged her away. She-trembled, she could scarce-totter, but neither consented, nor refused, neither shed a tear, nor spoke a word, and her countenance presented a picture of affright, amazement, and-horror.

‘ I took her to a house in the country, each of us silent the - whole - way.—I gave her an-apartment, and a female attendant, and ordered for her every-convenience I could suggest. I staid myself in the same-house, but-distracted with remorse for the guilt and ruin into which I had terrified-her, I could not bear hersight.

‘ In a few days her maid assured me the life she led must destroy-her; that she would taste nothing but bread and water, never spoke, and never slept.

‘ Alarmed by this account, I flew into her apartment; pride and resentment gave way to pity and fondness, and I besought her to take comfort. I spoke, however, to a statue, she replied not, nor seemed to hear me. I then humbled-myself to her as in the days of her innocence and first power, supplicating - her notice, entreating even her commisseration. All was to no-purpose; she neither received nor repulsed me, and was alike inattentive to-exhortation and to-prayer.

‘ Whole hours did I spend at her feet, vowing never to arise till she spoke to me,—all, all, in-vain! she seemed deaf, mute, insensible; her face unmoved, a-settled-despair fixed in her eyes,—those eyes that had never looked at me but with dove-like-softness and compliance!—She sat constantly in one chair, she never changed her dress, no-persuasions could prevail with her to lie down, and at meals she just swallowed so much dry-bread as might save her from dying for want of food.

‘ What was the distraction of my soul, to find her beat upon this course to her last-hour!—quick-came that hour, but never will it be-forgotten! rapidly it was-gone, but-eternally it will be-remembered!

‘ When she felt herself expiring, she acknowledged she had made-a-vow, upon entering the house, to live speechless and motionless, as-a-penance for her offences!

‘ I kept her loved-corpse ’till my own senses failed-me,—it was then only-torn from me,—and I have lost all-recollection of three-years of my existence! The scene to which my-memory first leads me back is visiting her-grave; solemnly upon it I returned her vow, though not by one of equal-severity. To her poor-remains did I pledge myself, that the day should never-pass in which I would receive-nourishment

nor the night come in which I would take-rest, 'till I had done, or zealously-attempted to do, some-service to a-fellow-creature.

' For this purpose have I wandered from City to City, from the Town to the Country, and from the-Rich to the-Poor, I go into every-house where I can gain-admittance, I admonish all who will hear me, I shame even those who will not. I seek the-distressed wherever they are hid, I follow the-prosperous to beg a-mite to serve them. I look for the-dissipated in public, where, amidst their licentiousness, I check them; I pursue the-unhappy in private, where I counsel and endeavour to-assist-them. My own power is-small; my-relations, during my sufferings, limiting-me to an-annuity; but there is no-one I scruple to-solicit, and by zeal I supply ability.

' O-Life of hardship and penance! laborious, toilsome, and-restless! but I have merited no-better, and I will not repine at it; I have vowed that I will endure-it, and I will not be-forsworn.

' One-indulgence alone from time to time I allow myself,—'tis-music! which has power to delight me even to-rapture! it quiets all-anxiety, it carries me out of myself, I forget through it every calamity, even the bitterest-anguish.

' Now-then, that thou hast heard-me, tell-me, hast-thou-cause-of-sorrow?'

THE .

HERMIT.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove:
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,
A Hermit his song of the night thus began;
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage while he felt as a man.

" Ah, why thus abandon'd to darkness and woe,
" Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad-strain?
" For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
" And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
" Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah cease not thy lay,
" Mourn, sweetest-complainer, man calls thee to-
" mourn :
" O soothe him whose pleasures like thine pass -
" away—
" Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

" Now gliding remote, on the - verge of the sky,
 " The moon halfextinguish'd her crescent-displays;
 " But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high
 " She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze
 " Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 " The path, that conducts thee to splendor again.
 " But Man's faded glory no-change shall renew.
 " Ah-fool ! to-exult in a glory so-vain !

" 'Tis-night, and the-landscape is lovely no-more ;
 " I mourn, but, ye-woodlands, I mourn not for you;
 " For morn is-approaching, your charms to-restore,
 " Perfum'd with fresh-fragrance, and glittering
 " with-dew.

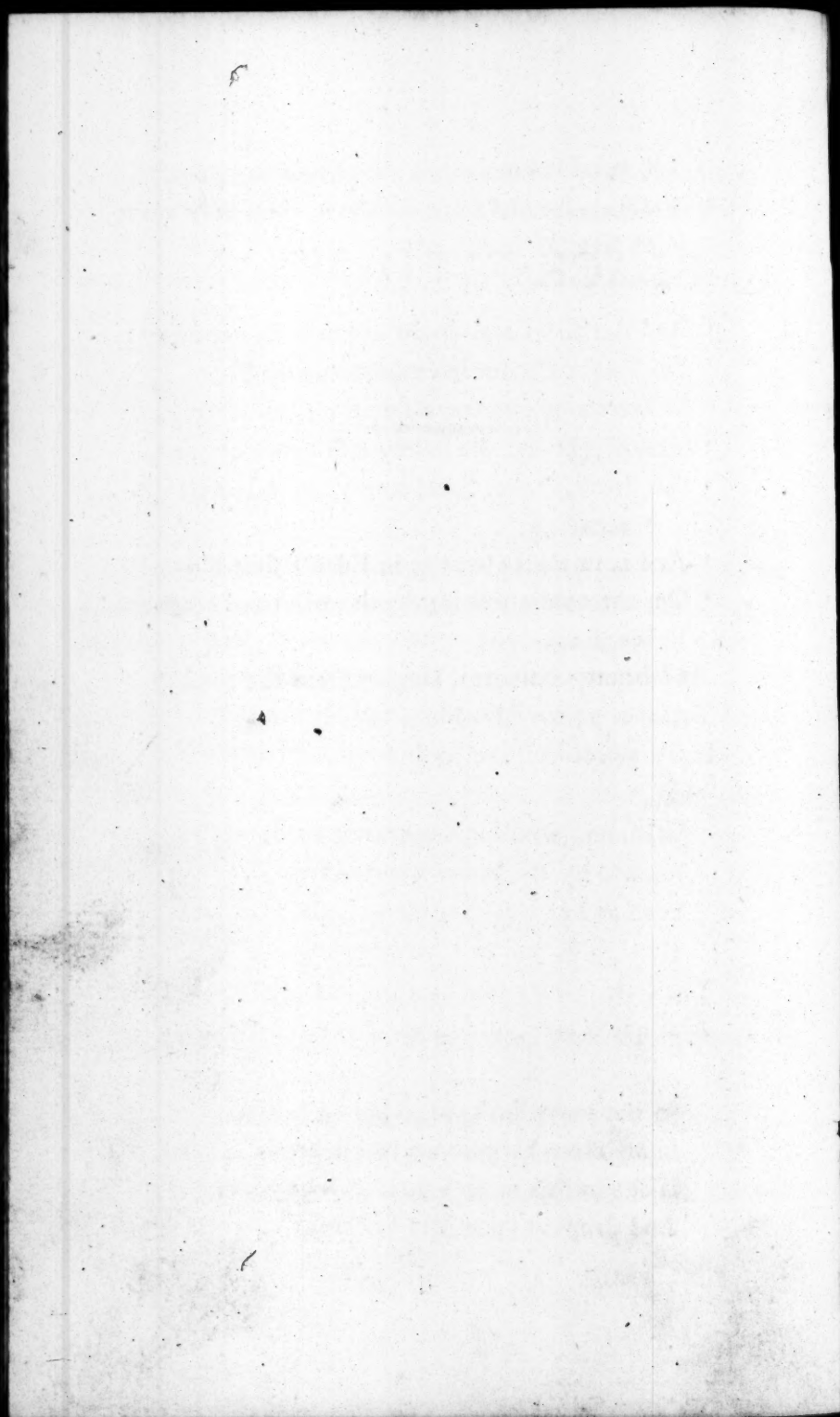
" Nor yet for the-ravage of winter I mourn ;
 " Kind Nature the-embryo-blossom will save.—
 " But when shall Spring visit the-mouldering-urn?
 " O when shall it dawn on-the-night of the-grave?"

" 'T'was- thus, by the glare of false-Science-be-
 tray'd,
 " That leads, to-bewilder ; and dazzles, to-blind ;
 " My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward
 " to-shade,
 " Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 " O-pity, great-father-of-light" then I cry'd,
 " Thy creature who-fain would not wander from -
 " thee !

" Lo,

“ Lo, humbled-in-dust, I relinquish my pride :
 “ From doubt and from darkness thou only canst -
 “ free.”

‘ And darkness and doubt are now flying-away :
 ‘ No-longer I roam in conjecture-forlorn.
 ‘ So-breaks on the traveller, faint, and-astray,
 ‘ The-bright and the balmy-effulgence of morn.
 ‘ See-truth, love, and-mercy in triumph de-
 ‘ scending,
 ‘ And nature all glowing in Eden’s first-bloom!
 ‘ On the cold-cheek of death smiles and roses are-
 blending,
 And-beauty-immortal awakes from-the-tomb.’



BLACK-EYED-SUSAN.

ALL in the-Downs the fleet was-moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed-Susan came on board,
O where shall I my true-love find?
Tell-me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet-William sails among your crew?

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to-and-fro,
Soon as her well-known-voice he heard,
He-sigh'd, and cast his eyes-below;
The cord glides-swiftly thro' his glowing-hands,
And quick as-lightning on the deck he-stands.

So the sweet-lark, high-pois'd in air,
Shuts close his-pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill-call he hear,
And drops at once into-her-nest.

The

The noblest-captain in the British-fleet
Might envy William's-lips those kisses-sweet.

O-Susan, Susan, lovely-dear,
My-vows shall ever-true-remain ;
Let me kiss-off that falling-tear :
We only part to-meet-again,
Change as ye-list, ye-winds, my heart shall-be
The-faithful-compass that still points-to-thee.

Believe-not what the landmen-say,
Who tempt with-doubts thy constant-mind,
They'll tell thee, sailors-when-away
At every port a-mistress-find.
Yes, yes, believe-them when they tell-thee-so,
For-thou art present wheresoe'er-I-go.

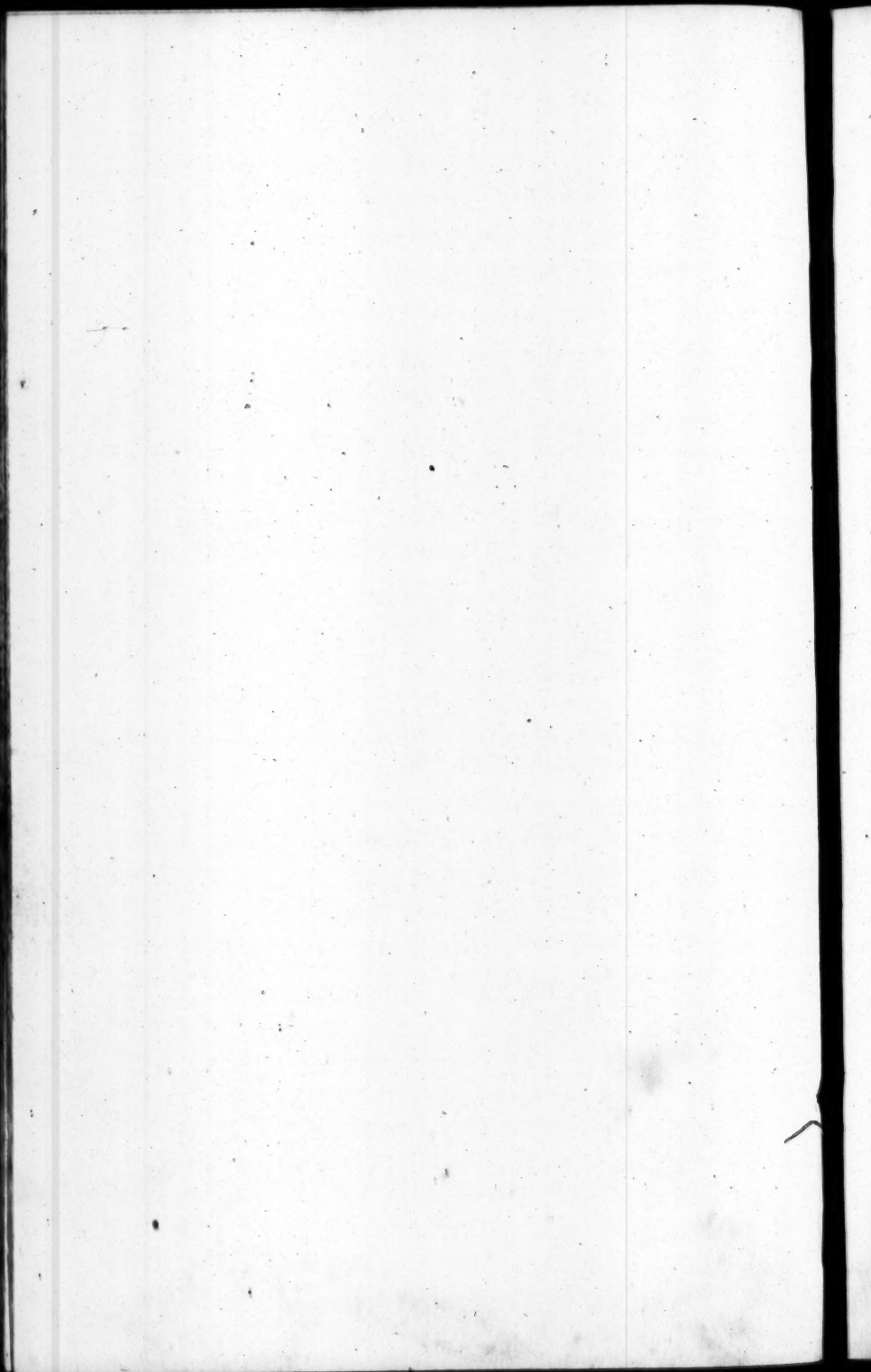
If to fair-India's-coast we sail,
Thy-eyes are seen in diamonds-bright,
Thy-breath is Afric's spicy-gale,
Thy-skin is ivory so-white ;
Thus every beauteous-object that I view
Wakes in my-soul some charm of lovely-Sue.

Tho' battle calls-me from thy-arms,
Let not my-pretty-Susan mourn ;

The'

The' cannons roar, yet, free-from-harms,
 William shall to his-dear-return :
 Love turns-aside the balls that round-me-fly,
 Lest-precious-tears should drop from-Susan's-eye.

The boatswain gives the-dreadful-word,
 The sails their swelling-bosoms-spread ;
 No-longer must she stay-on-board :
 They-kiss'd ; she-sigh'd he hung his-head :
 Her less'ning-boat unwilling rows-to-land ;
 Adieu ! she-cries, and-wav'd-her-lily-hand.



HYMN.

WHEN rising from the-bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt-and-fear,
I see my-Maker-face-to-face.
O! how-shall I appear!

If-yet, while pardon may-be-found,
And mercy may-be-sought,
My heart with inward-horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought;

When-thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd,
In majesty severe,
And sit in-judgement on my-soul,
O! how-shall I appear!

But thou hast told the-troubled-soul,
Who does her-sins-lament,
The timely-tribute of her tears
Shall endless-woe prevent.

Then see the-sorrows of my-heart,
'Ere-yet it be too-late:
And hear my Saviour's dying-groans,
To give those sorrows-weight.

For-never shall my soul-despair,
Her pardon to-procure,
Who knows thy-only-Son has died
To make that-pardon-sure.

THE .

R O S E.

THE rose had been-wash'd, just-wash'd in a
show'r,

Which Mary to Anna convey'd ;
The plentiful-moisture encumber'd the flow'r,
And weigh'd down its-beautiful-head.

The-cup was all-full and the leaves were-all-wet,
And it seem'd, to a fanciful view,
To-weep for the buds it had left with-regret
On the flourishing-bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd-it, unfit as it was
For a nosegay, so-dripping and drown'd,
And swinging-it rudely, too-rudely, alas !
I snap'd it, it-fell to the-ground.

And-such, I-exclaim'd, is the pitiless-part
Some-act by the delicate-mind,
Regardless of wringing-and-breaking a heart
Already to-sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken-it-less,
Might have bloom'd with its-owner-awhile ;
And the tear that-is-wip'd with a-little-address,
May-be-follow'd, perhaps, by a-smile.

THE.

39th.

P S A L M;

IMITATED.

- " I Will take heed, I said, I will take heed ;
" Nor trespass with my tongue : will keep
" my mouth
" As with a bridle, while the sinner 's near.
" —Silent I mus'd, and e'en from good refrain'd,
" But, full of pangs, my heart was hot within me;
" The lab'ring fire burst forth, and loos'd my-
" tongue.
" Lord, let me know the measure of my days;
" Make me to know how-weak, how-frail I am!
" My days are as a span, mine age as nothing,
" And man is altogether-vanity.
" Man walketh in an-empty-shade; in-vain
" Disquieting his soul, he heaps-up riches,

H 2

" Know.

" Knowing-not who shall gather-them. And now
 " Where rests my-hope, O-Lord ! It rests with -
 " Thee.

" Forgive me mine-offences ! Make me not
 " A-scorn unto the foolish ! I was dumb,
 " And open'd-not my mouth, for 'twas Thy-doing.
 " O, take-Thy-stroke-away ! Thy hand destroys -
 " me.

" When, with-rebukes, Thou chastenest-man for
 " sin,

" Thou mak'st his-beauty to consume-away :
 " Distemper preys upon him, as a moth
 " Fretting-a-garment. Ah, what then is-man?
 " Every-man living is but-vanity !
 " Hear, hear-my-prayer, O-Lord ! O hear my cry !
 " Pity-my-tears ! for I am in Thy-sight
 " But as a-stranger and a-sojourner,
 " As all my-fathers-were. O, spare me then,
 " Though but a-little, to-regain my strength,
 " 'Ere I be taken-hence, and-seen-no-more !"

THE

UNIVERSAL-PRAYER.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry-clime ador'd,
By-Saint, by-Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or-Lord!

Thou-Great-First-Cause, least-understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To-know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am-blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark-estate,
To-see the good from-ill;
And, binding-nature fast in-fate,
Left-free the human-will:

What conscience dictates to-be-done,
Or warns me not-to-do,
This-teach-me more than hell to-shun,
That-more than heav'n-pursue.

What blessings Thy-free-bounty gives,
 Let me not-cast-away ;
 For-God is paid when man-receives;
 T' enjoy is to-obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
 Thy-goodness let me bound,
 Or think Thee Lord alone-of-man,
 When-thousand-worlds, are 'round :

Let not this-weak, unknowing-hand
 Presume Thy-bolts to throw,
 And deal-damnation round the land
 On each I judge Thy-foe.

If I am right, Thy-grate-impart
 Still in the-right to stay ;
 If I am wrong, oh ! teach-my-heart
 To find that-better-way !

Save-me-alike from foolish-pride,
 Or impious discontent ;
 At aught Thy-wisdom has denied,
 Or aught Thy-goodness-lent.

Teach-me to feel another's-wee,
 To-hide the fault I-see ;
 That-mercy I to others-shew,
 That-mercy shew to-me.

Mean

Mean tho' I am, not-wholly-so,
 Since quicken'd by-Thy-breath ;
 O! lead me wheresoe'er-I-go,
 Thro' this day's-life or death.

This-day, be bread and peace my-lot :
 All-else beneath the-sun
 Thou-know'st if best bestow'd-or not :
 And let Thy-will-be-done.

To-Thee, whose temple is-all-space,
 Whose-altar, Earth, Sea, Skies!
 One-chorus let all Being-raise !
 All-nature's-incense-rise !

131
I am, nor wholly so,
Since quicken'd by Thy breath,
I lead the whiteroad I go,
Thou, this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st it best bestow, if not
And let Thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,
One throne for all being rises,
All nature's incense rises.

THE.

DISABLED-SOLDIER.

No-observation is more-common, and at the same time more-true, than, that one-half of the world are ignorant how the other-half lives. The-misfortunes of the-great are held-up to engage our attention; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble-sufferers: the-great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the-comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing-magnanimous in bearing-misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole-world is looking-on: men in such-circumstances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he, who in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate

alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration; and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; whilst Tragedy mouths-out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower-ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every-day is to them a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard-fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves

slaves to attend them ; and were sure of subsistence for life : while many of their fellow-creatures were obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the-severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections, from-accidentally-meeting, some days ago, a poor-fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and-begging at one of the-outlets of the town, with-a-wooden-leg. I knew him to have been honest-and-industrious when in the-country, and was curious to-learn what had reduced-him to his present-situation. Wherefore, after having given-him what I thought proper, I desired to know the-history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present-distress. The-disabled-soldier, for such he was, though-dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put-himself into an-attitude to comply with my-request, and gave me his history as-follows :

‘ As for my-misfortunes, master, I can’t pretend to have gone-through any more than other-folks ; for, except the-loss of my limb, and my being obliged to-beg, I don’t know any-reason, thank-heaven, that I have to-complain : there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost

both-

both his legs, and an eye to boot; but thank heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

‘ I was born in Shropshire; my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old, so that I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged, or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought in my heart, they kept sending me about so long that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but at last, however they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved, at least to know my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, and the yard before the door; and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

‘ In this manner I went from town to town, worked when I could get employment, and
starved

THE .

B A R D.

' **RUIN** seize thee, ruthless-King !
' Confusion on thy banners-wait ;
' Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson-wing,
' They mock the air with idle-state !
' Helm, nor hauberk's twisted-mail,
' Nor ev'n thy virtues, Tyrant ! shall-avail
' To save thy secret-soul from nightly-fears,
' From Cambria's curse, from Canibria's tears !'
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested -
pride

Of the first-Edward scatter'd wild-dismay,
As down the-steep of Snowdon's-shaggy-side
He wound with toilsome-march his long-array.
Stout Glost'er stood-aghast in speechless-trance !
' To -arms !' cried-Mortimer, and couch'd his
quiv'ring-lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old-Conway's foaming flood,
 Rob'd in the sable-garb of wee,
 With haggard-eyes the Poet stood ;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd, like a-Meteor, to the troubled-air ;)
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep-sorrows of his lyre.
 ' Hark, how each giant-Oak, and desert cave,
 ' Sighs to the torrent's awful-voice beneath !
 ' O'er-thee, O-King ! their hundred-arms they
 ' wave
 ' Revenge on thee in hoarser-murmurs breathe ;
 ' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal-day,
 ' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's-
 ' lay.

' Cold is Cadwallo's-tongue,
 ' That hush'd the stormy-main :
 ' Brave-Urien sleeps upon his craggy-bed :
 ' Mountains ! ye mourn in-vain
 ' Modred, whose magic song
 ' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd-
 head.
 ' On dreary-Arvon's shore they lie,
 ' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale ;
 ' Far, far-alooft-th' affrighted ravens sail,
 ' The famish'd-Eagle screams, and passes by.

' Dear

' Dear lost companions of my tuneful-art,
 ' Dear as the light that visits these sad-eyes,
 ' Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ' Ye died amidst your dying-country's-cries—
 ' No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 ' On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 ' I see them sit, they linger yet,
 ' Avengers of their native-land;
 ' With me indreadful-harmony they join,
 ' And weave with bloody-hands the tissue of thy-
 " line.

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's-race,
 " Give ample room, and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When-Severn shall re-echo with affright,
 " The shrieks of death thro' Berkeley's-roofs that
 " ring,
 " Shrieks of an-agonizing-king:
 " She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 " That tear'st the-bowels of thy mangled-mate,
 " From thee be-born, who o'er thy country hangs
 " The-scourge of heav'n. What terrors round
 " him-wait!
 " Amazement in his van, with flight combin'd,
 " And Sorrow's faded-form, and Solitude behind.

" Mighty-Victor, mighty-Lord,
 " Low on his funeral-couch he lies!
 " No pitying heart, no-eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his-obsequies!
 " Is the sable-warrior fled ?
 " Thy son is-gone ; He rests among the dead.
 " The swarm that in thy-noon-tide beam were
 " born ?
 " Gone-to- salute the rising morn :
 " Fair laughs the-morn, and soft the-zephyr -
 " blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure-realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded vessel-goes,
 " Youth on the-prow, and pleasuse at the-helm,
 " Regardless of the sweeping-whirlwind's sway,
 " That, hush'd in grim-repose, expects his
 " evening-prey.

" Fill-high the sparkling-bowl,
 " The rich-repast prepare ;
 " 'Reft of a-crown, he yet may share the-feast ;
 " Close by the regal-chair
 " Fell-thirst and famine-sowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled-guest.
 " Heard-ye the din of battle-bray,
 " Lance-to-lance, and horse to horse ?
 " Long-years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
 " And thro' the-kindred-squadrons mow their-
 " way.

" Ye

' Ye-tow'rs of Julius ! London's lasting shame,
 " With many a-foul and midnight-murder fed,
 " Revere his consort's-faith, his father's fame,
 " And spare the meek usurper's holy-head.
 " Above, below, the-Rose of snow,
 " Twin'd with her blushing-foe we spread !
 " The bristled Boar,—in-infant-gore
 " Wallows beneath the-thorny-shade.
 " Now, Brothers! bending o'er th' accursed-loom,
 " Stamp we our-vengeance deep, and ratify his-
 doom.

" Edward ! lo ! to-sudden-fate
 " (Weave we the-woof. The thread is-spun,)
 " Half of thy-heart we consecrate,
 " (The web is-wove ; the work is-done.)"
 ' Stay, oh-stay ! nor thus forlorn
 ' Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
 ' In yon bright-track that fires the western-skies
 ' They-melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 ' But- oh ! what- so lemn-scenes on Snowdon's-
 ' height
 ' Descending slow their glitt'ring-skirts-unroll ?
 ' Visions of glory ! spare my aching sight,
 ' Ye-unborn-ages crowd not on my-soul !
 ' No more our long-lost-Athur we bewail,
 ' All-hail, ye-genuine-Kings ! Britannia's-issue,
 ' hail !

' Girt

' Girt with many a-Baron-bold
 ' Sublime their starry-fronts they rear,
 ' And gorgeous-Dames and Statesmen-old
 ' In bearded-majesty appear;
 ' In the midst a form divine,
 ' Her eye proclaims-her of the Briton-line,
 ' Her-lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 ' Attemper'd sweet to-virgin-grace.
 ' What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
 ' What strains of vocal - transport round her
 ' play !
 ' Hear from the-grave, great-Taliessin ! hear ;
 ' They breathe a soul to-animate thy clay.
 ' Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 ' Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd-
 ' wings.

' The verse adorn-again
 ' Fierce-War, and faithful Love,
 ' And Truth severe, by fairy-fiction drest.
 ' In buskin'd measures move
 ' Pale-Grief, and pleasing Pain
 ' With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing-breast.
 ' A-voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 ' Gales from blooming-Eden bear,
 ' And distant-warblings lessen on my ear,
 ' That lost in long-futurity expire.

' Fond

' Fond-impious-man ! think'st thou yon' sanguine -
' cloud,

' Rais'd by the-breath, has quench'd the-orb of
' day ?

' To-morrow he repairs the golden-flood,

' And warms the-nations with redoubled-ray.

' Enough for me : with joy I see

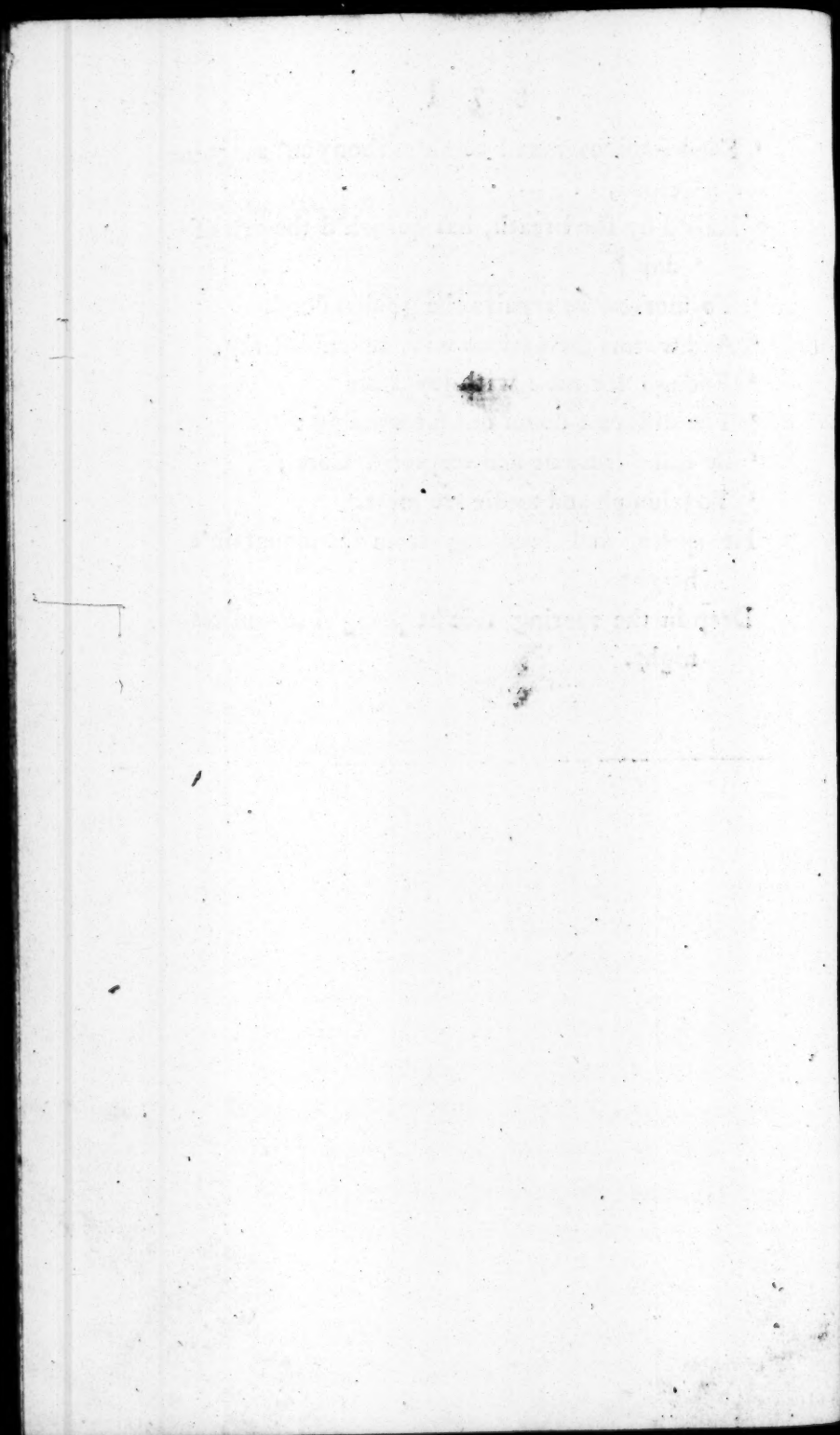
' The different-doom our fates-assign :

' Be thine Despair and scepter'd-Care ;

' To-triumph and to-die are mine.'

He-spoke, and headlong from the-mountain's -
height

Deep in the roaring-tide he plung'd to-endless-
night.



starved when I could get none: when happening one day to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spy'd a hare crossing the path just before me; and I believe the-devil put it into my head to-fling my stick at it.—Well, what will you have-on't? I killed the-hare and was bringing-it-away, when the justice-himself met me; he called me a-poacher and a-villain; and, collaring-me, desired I would give an-account of myself. I fell upon my-knees, begged his worship's-pardon, and began to give a-full-account of all that I knew of my-breed, seed, and-generation; but, though I gave a very true-account, the-justice said I could give no-account; so I was indicted at sessions, found-guilty of being-poor, and sent up to London to-Newgate, in-order to be transported as-a-vagabond.

' People may say this-and-that of being in jail, but, for my part, I found Newgate as-agreeable a place as-ever I was in, in all my-life. I had my-belly-full to eat and drink, and did no-work at all. This kind of life was-too-good to last for-ever; so I was taken-out of prison, after five months, put on board a-ship, and sent off, with two-hundred more, to-the-plantations. We had but an-indifferent-passage; for, being all-confined in the hold, more than a-hun-

dred of our people died-for-want of sweet-air ; and those that-remained were sickly-enough, God-knows. When we came-a-shore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven-years-more. As I was no-scholar, for I did not know my-letters, I was obliged to work among the-negroes ; and I served out my-time,—as in duty bound-to-do.

‘ When my time was-expired, I worked my passage-home, and glad I was to see Old-England-again,—because I loved-my-country. I was afraid, however, that I should be-indicted for a vagabond once-more, so I did not much care to go-down into the-country, but kept about the-town, and did little-jobs—when I could get-them.

I was very-happy in this manner for some-time, till-one-evening, coming-home from work, two men knocked-me-down, and then desired me to-stand. They belonged to a-press-gang. I was carried before the-justice, and, as I could give no-account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on-board a man of war, or ’llt for a-soldier : I chose the latter ; and in this post of a-gentleman, I served two-campaigns in Flanders, was at the-battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one-wound, through the-breast here ; but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well-again.

‘ When

' When the peace came on I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a land-man in the East India company's service. I have fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe that, if I could read or write, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again—with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the present war, and I hoped to be set on shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on shore.

' The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, to be idle; but, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me,—without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me—under every beating; and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French,—and so I lost all.

' Our crew was carried into Brest, and many

of them died,—because they were not used to live in-a-jail ; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was-seasoned. One-night, as I was asleep on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me,—for I always loved to-lie-well,—I was awakened by the-boatwain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand : ‘ Jack,’ says-he to me, ‘ will you knock out the French-centry’s-brains ? ’ ‘ I-do n’t-care,’ says-I, striving to keep myself-awake, ‘ if I lend-a-hand.’ ‘ Then-follow-me,’ says-he, ‘ and I hope we shall do-business.’ So-up I got, and tied my-blanket,—which was all the-cloaths I had,—about my middle, and went with him to fight the-Frenchmen. I hate the-French, because they are all-slaves,—and wear wooden-shoes.

‘ Though we had no-arms,—one-Englishman is able to beat five-French at any time ; so we went-down to the door, where both the centries were-posted, and, rushing upon them, seized-their-arms in a moment, and knocked-them down. From thence nine of us ran-together to the quay, and seizing the-first-boat we met, got-out of the harbour, and put to-sea. We had not been here three-days before we were taken up by the Dorset-privateer, who were glad of so many good-hands, and we consented to-run our chance. However, we had not as much-luck as we-expected. In-three-days we fell-in with the-

Pompadour

Pompadour-privateer, of forty-guns, while we had but-twenty-three ; so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three-hours, and I verily believe we should have taken-the-Frenchman, had we but had some more men left-behind ; but, unfortunately, we lost all-our-men—just as we were going to get the-victory.

‘ I was once-more in the power of the-French, and I believe it would have gone-hard with me had I been brought back to-Brest ; but, by good-fortune we were-retaken by the-Viper. I had almost forgot to-tell-you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two-places ; I lost four fingers of the left-hand, and—my leg was-shot-off. If I had the-good-fortune to have lost my leg and use of my hand on board a-king’s-ship, and not a-board a privateer, I should have been entitled to-cloathing and maintenance during the-rest of my-life,—but that was not-my-chance: one man is born with a-silver-spoon in his-mouth, and-another with a-wooden-ladle. However, blessed-be-God, I enjoy good-health, and will forever love-Liberty and Old-England. Liberty, Property, and-Old-England-for-ever, huzza !’

Thus-saying, he-limped-off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity-and-content ; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an-habitual-acquaintance with misery serves-better-than-philosophy to teach us to-despise-it.

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ALEXANDER'S-FEAST;

OR-THE.

POWER-OF-MUSIC.

'T WAS at the royal-Feast, for Persia won
By Phillip's warlike son ;
Aloft, in awful state,
The god-like hero sate
On his imperial throne :
His valiant peers were plac'd around ;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :—
So shou'd desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side,
Sate like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy-pair !
None but the-brave, : none
None but the-brave,
None but the-brave-deserve the fair.

Timotheus

'Timotheus plac'd on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky ;
 And heav'nly joys inspire.

'The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blisful-seats above ;
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty-Love.)
 A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god ;
 Sublime, on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And while he sought her snowy breast :
 Then round her slender-waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an-image of himself, a sov'reign of
 the world.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present Deity ! they shout around.
 A present Deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears ;
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod :
 And seems to shake the spheres.
 The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician
 sung ;
 Of-Bacchus, ever-fair, and ever young ;
 The jolly-god in triumph comes ;

Sound

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shows his honest face ;
 Now give the hautboys-breath ; he comes ! he-
 comes !

Bacchus, ever-fair, and-young,
 Drinking-joys did first ordain ;
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's-pleasure :
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;—
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the King grew-vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er-again :
 And-thrice he routed all his foes, and-thrice he
 slew the slain :

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft-pity to infuse.
 He sung Darius great and good,
 By too-severe a fate,
 Fall'n from his high-estate,
 And-welt'ring in his blood.

Deserted

Deserted at his utmost-need,
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies.
 Without a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast-looks the joyless-victor sate,
 Revolving in his alter'd-soul,
 The various turns of chance below,
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty-master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next-degree ,
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move;—
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly-sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble.
 Honour, but an-empty bubble ;
 Never-ending, still-beginning,
 Fighting-still, and still destroying,
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think it worth enjoying :
 Lovely-Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide-thee.

The-prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair,
 Who caus'd his care ;

And

And sigh'd and look'd,—sigh'd and look'd,—
Sigh'd—and-look'd, and—sigh'd-again.
At-length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd-victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden-lyre again ;
A louder yet—and yet a louder strain ;
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark !—the horrid sound
Has rais'd-up his head,
As awak'd from the dead :
And amaz'd he stares around.

Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian-ghosts, that in battle were
slain,

And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain.

Give the vengeance due
To the valiant-crew :
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian-abodes,
And glitt'ring-temples of their hostile-gods !

The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to
destroy,

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey ;
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus long ago,
' Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to the breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Cou'd swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft-desire.

At last divine-Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal-frame ;
The sweet-enthusiast from her sacred-store.
Enlarg'd the former narrow-bounds,
And added length to solemn-sounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown
before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a-mortal to the-skies,
She drew an-angel-down.

WILLIAM.

AND.

MARGARET.

'T WAS at the silent solemn-hour
When night and morning meet,
In glided MARG,RET's-grimly-ghost,
And stood at WILLIAM's-feet.

Her face was like an-April-morn
Clad in a wintry cloud,
And clay-cold was her lily-hand
That held her sable-shroud.

So shall the fairest-face appear
When youth and years are-flown ;
Such is the-robe that kings must-wear
When death has-reft their crown.

K

Her

Her bloom was like the springing-flower
That sips the silver-dew ;
The rose was-budded in her cheek,
Just-opening to the view.

But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early-prime ;
The rose grew-pale and left her cheek,—
She-died before her-time.

“ Awake, she-cried, thy true-love calls,”
Come from her midnight-grave ;
Now let thy-pity hear the maid
Thy-love refused to-save.

This is the-dark and fearful-hour
When injur'd-ghosts complain ;
Now dreary-graves give up their-dead
To-haunt the faithless-swain.

Bethink-thee, WILLIAM, of thy fault,
Thy-pledge, and broken oath ;
And give me back my maiden-vow,
And give me back my-troth.

How could you say my-face was fair,
And yet that-face forsake ?
How could you win my virgin-heart,
Yet leave that-heart to break ?

How

How could you promise-love to me,
 And not that promise-keep ?
 Why did you swear mine-eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those-eyes to weep ?

How could you say my-lips were sweet,
 And made the scarlet-pale ?
 And why did I, young witless maid,
 Believe the flatt'ring-tale ?

That-face, alas! no-more is fair,
 Those lips no-longer red ;
 Dark are mine eyes now-clos'd in death,
 And ev'ry-charm is fled.

The hungry-worm my sister is,
 This winding-sheet I wear,
 And cold and weary-lasts our night
 'Till that last-morn appear.

But-hark ! the cock has warn'd-me hence,
 A long and last-adieu !
 Come-see, false-man, how-low she lies
 That died for-love of you,

Now birds did sing, and morning smile
 And shew her glist'ring-head ;
 Pale-WILLIAM shook in every-limb,
 And-raving left his-bed.

He hi'd him to the fatal-place
 Where MARG'RET's-body lay,
 And stretch'd him on the green-grass-turf
 That wrapp'd her breathless-clay.

And-thrice he call'd on MARG'RET's-name,
 And-thrice he wept full-sore ;
 Then laid his-cheek to the cold-earth,
 And word spake never-more.

THE
CAVE.

OF
DEATH.

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend
forsakes,

I woo thee, DEATH !—In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay-songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty-joy. Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause ;
Wrapt in night's sable-robe, through Cloysters
dear,

And charnel's pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of DEATH. Deep in a murky cave's-recess,

Lav'd by Oblivion's listless-stream, and fenc'd
 By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
 Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
 Of busy noontide-beam, the Monarch sits
 In unsubstantial-majesty enthron'd.
 At his right-hand, nearest-himself in place
 And frightfulness of form, his-Parent-Sin,
 With fatal industry and cruel care,
 Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
 And tipping every-shaft with venom-drawn
 From her infernal-store : around him rang'd
 In-terrible-array, and mixture strange
 Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread-Ministers.
 Foremost-Old-Age, his natural ally
 And firmest friend : next him Diseases-thick,
 A motly train ; Fever, with cheek of fire ;
 Consumption-wan ; Palsy, half-warm with life,
 And half a-cold-lump ; joint-tort'ring-Gout,
 And ever-gnawing Rheum ; Convulsion-wild ;
 Sweln-Dropsy ; panting-Asthma ; Apoplex-
 Full-gorg'd. There too the-Pestilence that walks
 In darkness, and the sleekness that destroys
 At broad noon-day. These and a thousand more,
 Horrid-to-tell, attentive wait ; and, when
 By Heav'n's command DEATH-waves his eben-
 wand,
 Sudden-rush forth to execute his-purpose,
 And-scatter-desolation o'er the-Earth,

THE .

JUGGLERS.

A-Juggler long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown ;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers-ends

Vice-**heard** his fame, she read his bill ;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art-aloud.

Is this then he so fam'd for slight ?
Can this slow-bungler cheat your sight ?
Dares he with me dispute the prize ?
I leave it to impartial-eyes.

Provok'd

Provok'd, the juggler cry'd, 'Tis-done.
In-science I submit to-none.

Thus-said. The cups and balls he play'd ;
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd ;
The-cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a flip turn'd to birds.
His little boxes change the grain :
Trick-after-trick deludes the train.
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair ;
His fingers spread, and nothing there ;
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv'ry-eggs are told.
But when from thence the-hen he draws,
Amaz'd-spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept-forth and took the place
With all the forms of his-grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There-hand-it-round) will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself-admir'd.

Next, to a Senator addressing ;
See this bank-note ; observe the blessing,
Breathe on the Bill. Heigh, pass ! 'Tis-gone.
Upon his lips a padlock shone.
A second puff the magic broke ;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

By Jove !

Twelve

Twelve-bottles rang'd upon the board,
 All-full, with heady-liquor stor'd,
 By clean conveyance disappear,
 And now two-bloody-swords are there.

A purse she to a Thief expos'd ;
 At once his ready-fingers clos'd.
 He opes his fist the treasure's fled ;
 He sees a-halter in its stead.

She bids Ambition hold a wand ;
 He grasps a-hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows,
 Blow here ; and a Church-warden blows.
 'Tis-vanished with conveyance-neat,
 And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the-dice, the board she-knocks,
 And from all-pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre Rake address.
 This picture see ; her shape, her breast !
 What-youth, and what inviting eyes !
 Hold-her, and have her. With-surprize,
 His hand expos'd a box of pills,
 And a-loud-laugh proclaim'd his-ills.

A-counter, in a Miser's hand,
 Grew-twenty-guineas at command.
 She bids his-heir the sum retain,
 And 'tis a counter now-again.
 A guinea with her touch you see
 Take ev'ry shape, but-Charity ;
 And not one-thing you saw, or-drew,
 But-chang'd from what was first in-view.

The Juggler now in grief of heart,
 With this submission own'd her art.
 Can I such matchless-sight withstand !
 How-practice hath improv'd your-hand !
 But now and then I cheat the throng ;
 You-ev'ry-day, and-all-day-long.

THE.

USE-AND-ABUSE.

OF.

CONVERSATION.

IN the comedy of the 'Frenchman-in-London,' which we are told was acted at Paris with universal-applause for several-nights together, there is a character of a rough Englishman who is represented as quite-unskilled in the graces of conversation; and his dialogue consists almost entirely of a repetition of the common-salutation of 'How do you do, how do you do?' Our nation has, indeed, been generally-supposed to be of a sullen and uncommunicative-disposition; while, on the other hand, the loquacious-French have been allowed to possess the art of conversing beyond all other people. The-Englishman requires to be wound-up frequently, and stops very-soon; but the Frenchman runs-on
in

in a continued alarum. Yet it must be acknowledged, that, as the English consist of very different humours, their manner of discourse admits of great-variety ; but the whole French nation converse-alike ; and there is no difference in their address between a marquis and a valet de chambre. We may frequently see a couple of French-barbers accosting each other in the street, and paying their compliments with the same-volubility of speech, the same grimace and action, as two-courtiers on the-Thuilleries.

I shall not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such-faults in discourse and behaviour, as render the company of half-mankind rather tedious than-amusing. It is in-vain, indeed, to look for conversation, where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion : there it is almost annihilated by universal-card-playing : insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel-comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but-to-game. All their discourse turns upon the odd-trick and the four-honours : and it is no-less a maxim with the votaries of-Whist than with those of-Bacchus, that Talking spoils-company.

Every-one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can : but it often happens

happens, that those, who aim most at shining in conversation, ever shoot their mark.==

Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself: for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking-together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied-to-and-fro, from one to the other, rather than seize it all to-ourselves, and drive it before us like a football. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the-matter of our discourse to our company: and not talk-Greek before ladies, or of the last new-furbelow to a meeting of country-justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous-air over our whole conversation, than certain peculiarities, easily-acquired, but very-difficultly conquered and discarded. In-order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them, as are most-commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those-buffoons in society, the Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture: they-assent with a-shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck; are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper or minuet-step. They may be considered as speaking-Harlequins; and their rules of

eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb-show with their own-persons in the looking-glass ; as well as the smirkers and smilers, who so prettily set-off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected-tribe of mimics, who are constantly taking-off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their-acquaintance : though they are such wretched imitators, that (like-bad-painters) they are frequently forced to-write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed-speakers. And-first, the-emphatical ; who squeeze, and-press, and ram-down every syllable with excessive-vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression : they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and* ; which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own-throats, and to-cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as-it-were) the ears of a deaf man, through an-hearing trumpet : though I

must

must confess, that I am equally offended with the-whisperers and low-speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance-deaf, and come up so-close to you, that they may be said to-measure-noses with you, and frequently overcome-you with the exhalations of a powerful breath. I would have these oracular-gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a-speaking-trumpet, or apply their-lips to the walls of a-whispering-gallery. The-wits, who will not condescend to-utter any thing but a-*bon-mot*, and the whistlers or tune-hummers, who never-articulate at all, may be joined very-agreeably-together in concert : and to these tinkling-cymbals I would also add the sounding-brass ; the-bawler, who inquires after your health with the-bellowing of a-town-crier.

The-tatlers, whose pliable-pipes are admirably adapted to the ' soft-parts-of-conversation,' and-sweetly ' prattling-out-of-fashion,' make very pretty-music from a beautiful face and a female tongue ; but from a rough manly-voice and coarse feature, mere-nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a-hurdy-gurdy. The-swearers I have spoken of in a former paper ; but the half-swearers, who-split, and-mince, and fritter their-oaths into *gad's-bud*, *ad's-fish*, and-*demme* ; the-Gothic-humbuggers, and those who ' nickname-God's-creatures,' and call a

man a-cabbage, a-crab, a-queer-cub, an-odd-fish, and-an-unaccountable-*muskin*, should never come into company without-an -interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing-out all the pests of conversation; nor dwell particularly on the-sensibles, who pronounce-dogmatically on the most trivial-points, and speak in-sentences; the-wonderers, who are always-wondering what o'clock it is, or-wondering whether it will rain or no, or-wondering when the moon changes; the-phraseologists, who explain a thing by all that, or enter into particulars with this, that, and t'other; and-lastly, the silent men, who seem-afraid of opening their-mouths, lest they should catch-cold, and literally observe the-precept of the-Gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea, yea, and-nay, nay.

The rational-intercourse kept up by conversation, is one of our principal-distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar-talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the-instruments of understanding: we should be very-careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly, and do our utmost to-unlearn any trivial or ridiculous-habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an-ineestimable-prerogative.

It

It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds-and-beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand-one-another by the sounds they utter ; and that dogs cats, &c. have each a-particular-language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an-ear for their own native-wood-notes, as any Signor or Signora for an-Italian-Air ; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose, as the inhabitants of High-Germany ; and that the frogs in the-dykes of Holland croak as-intelligibly, as the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those, whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep-up the proper-conversation of human-creatures, as imitating the language of different-animals. Thus, for-instance, the affinity between chatterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too-obvious not to occur at once : grunTERS and growlers may be justly compared to-hogs : snarlers are curs ; and the spitfire-passionate are a sort of wild-cats that will not bear-stroaking, but-will-purr when they are-pleased. Complainers are screech-owls ; and-story-tellers, always-repeating the same dull-note, are-cuckows. Poets,

that prick-up their ears at their own-hideous-braying, are no-better than asses : critics-in-general are venomous-serpents, that delight in-hissing ; and some of them, who have got-by-heart a few technical-terms without-knowing their meaning, are no other than-magpies.

THE .

NEGRO's - COMPLAINT.

FORC'D from home and all its-pleasures,
Afric's-coast I left forlorn,
To-increase a stranger's treasures,
O'er the raging-billows borne.
Men-from-England bought and sold-me—
Paid my price in paltry-gold ;
But, though-theirs they have enroll'd-me,
Minds are-never to be sold.

Still in thought as free as-ever,
What are England's-rights, I-ask,
Me from my delights to-sever—
Me to torture—me to task ?
Fleecy-locks and black-complexion
Cannot forfeit Nature's-claim ;
Skins may differ, but-affection
Dwells in white and black the-same.

Why

Why did all-creating-Nature
 Make the plant for which we toil?
 Sighs must fan it, tears must water,
 Sweat of ours must-dress the soil.
 Think, ye-masters, iron-hearted,
 Lolling at your jovial-boards,
 Think how many-backs have smarted,
 For the sweet your cane affords.

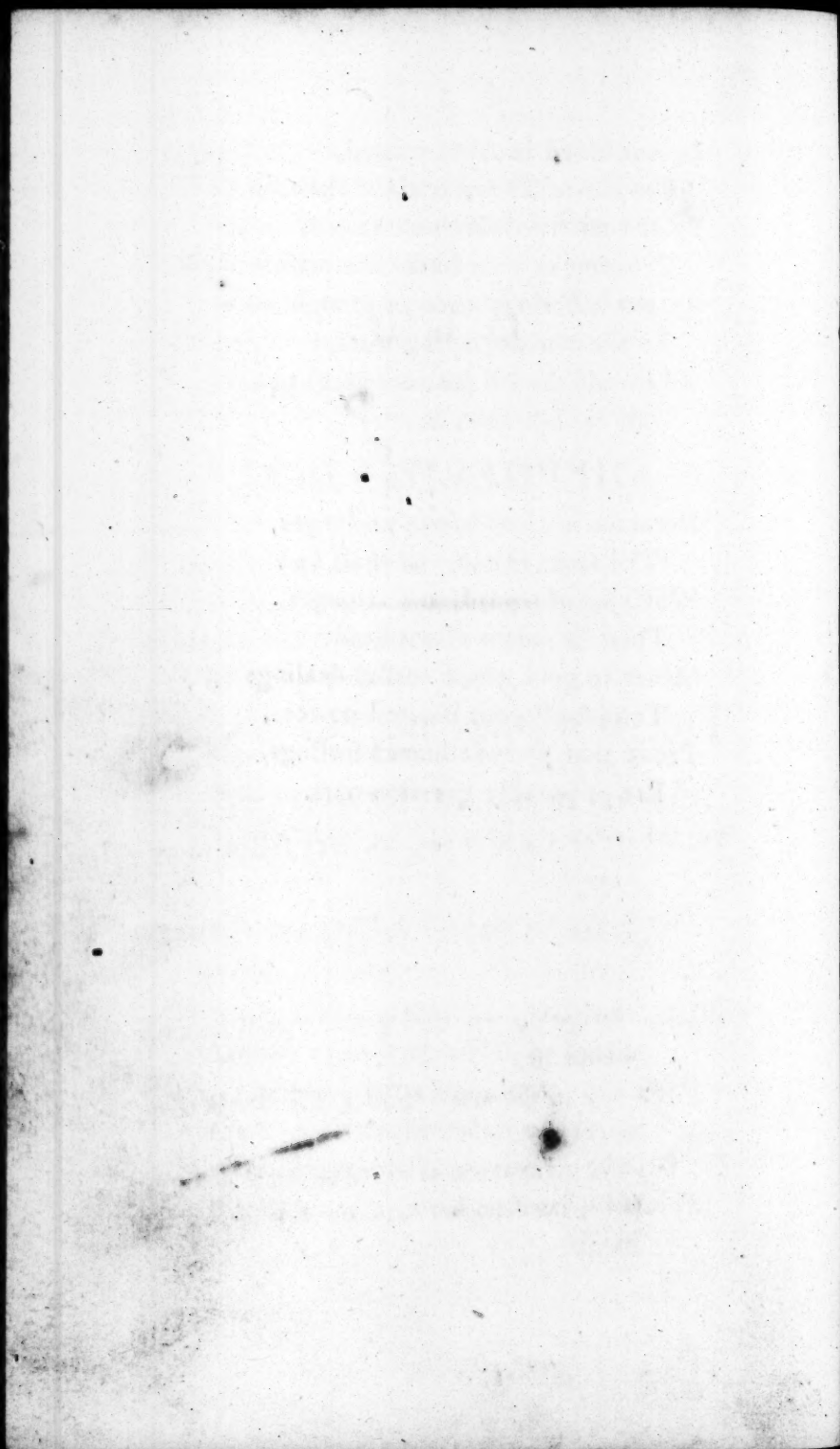
Is-there, as ye sometimes tell-us—
 Is-there-One who reigns on-high!
 Has he bid you buy and sell us,
 Speaking from his throne, the-sky!
 Ask-him, if your knotted-scourges,
 Fetters, blood-extorting-screws,
 Are the means, which duty urges,
 Agents of his will to use?

Hark! He-answers.—Wild-tornadoes,
 Strewing yonder sea with-wrecks,
 Wasting-towns, plantations, meadows,
 Are the voice with-which he speaks.
 He, foreseeing what vexation
 Afric's-sons would undergo,
 Flx'd their tyrants-habitation
 Where his whirlwind-answers—No.

By

By our blood in Afric wasted,
 ' Ere-our-necks receiv'd the chain.—
 By the mis'ries which we tasted,
 Crossing in your barks the-main—
 By our sufferings since ye brought us—
 To the man degrading-mart,
 All-sustain'd with patience taught-us
 Only by a-broken-heart.

Deem our nations brutes no-longer,
 'Till some reason you shall find
 Worthier of regard, and stronger,
 Than-the-colour of our-kind.
 Slaves to gold whose sordid-dealings
 Tarnish all your boasted-powers,
 Prove that ye have human-feelings,
 ' Ere-ye-proudly-question-ours.



T H E .

O L D .

SHEPHERD'S - DOG.

THE old Shepherd's-Dog, like his master,
was-grey ;
His teeth all-departed, and feeble his-tongue ;
Yet where'er *Corin*-went, he was followed by -
Tray ;
Thus happy through-life did they hobble-along.

When, fatigu'd, on the grass the-Shepherd
would lie,
For a nap in the-sun—'midst his slumbers so-
sweet ;
His faithful companion crawl'd-constantly-nigh,
Plac'd-his-head on his lap, or lay-down at
his feet.

When

When-*Winter* was heard on the hill and the plain,
 And torrents descended, and cold was the wind,
 If-*Corin* went forth 'mid the tempests and rain,
Tray-scorn'd to be left in the chimney-behind.

At-length in the straw *Tray*-made his last-bed;
 For-vain, against-death, is the stoutest-en-
 deavour—
 To lick *Corin's*-hand he rear'd up his weak-head,
 Then-fell-back, clos'd-his-eyes, and, ah! clos'd -
 them-for-ever.

Not long after-*Tray* did the Shepherd-remain,
 Who-oft o'er his grave with true-sorrow
 would bend;
 And, when-dying, thus feebly was heard the -
 poor-swain—
 " O-bury-me, neighbours, beside-my-old -
 friend."

LEDYARD'S.

PRAISE-OF-WOMEN.

THRO' many a land and clime a stranger,
With toilsome-steps I've held my way;
A lonely unprotected-stranger,
To all the stranger's-ills a prey.

While steering thus my course-precarious,
My fortune still has been to find
Men's-hearts and dispositions-various,
But-gentle-Women-ever-kind.

Alive to every tender-feeling,
To-deeds of mercy always-prone ;
The-wounds of pain and sorrow-healing,
With soft compassion's sweetest-tone.

M

They

No-proud-delay, no-dark-suspicion,
 Stints the free-bounty of their heart;
 They turn-not from the sad-petition,
 But cheerful-aid at once impart.

Form'd-in-benevolence of nature,
 Obliging, modest, gay and mild,
 Woman's the same endearing-creature
 In-courtly-town and savage-wild.

When parch'd with-thirst, with hunger wasted,
 Her-friendly-hand refreshment gave ;
 How-sweet the coarsest-food has tasted !
 What-cordial in the simple-wave !

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
 Shed-comfort on the fainting-soul ;
 Woman's the stranger's general-blessing
 From-sultry-India to the-Pole.

DOMESTIC - LOVE .

A N D .

HAPPINESS.

O-HAPPY-they ! the-happiest of their-kind !
Whom gentler-stars unite, and in one fate
Their-hearts, their-fortunes, and their-beings
blend.

'Tis-not the coarser-tie of human-laws,
Unnatural-oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love ;
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
Ineffable, and sympathy of Soul ;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing
will,

With boundless confidence : for nought but love
Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
Let him, ungenerous, who alone, intent

To bless himself, from sordid-parents buys
 The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
 Well-merited, consume his nights and days :
 Let barbarous nations, whose inhuman love
 Is wild desire, fierce as the suns they feel ;
 Let eastern-tyrants from the light of Heaven
 Seclude their bosom-slaves, meanly possess'd
 Of a mere lifeless, violated-form :
 While those whom love-cements in holy-faith,
 And equal transport, free as nature live,
 Disdaining-fear. What is the world to them,
 Its-pomp, its-pleasures, and its-nonsense all ?
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd-face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heaven.
 Mean-time a smiling offspring rises round,
 And mingles both-their-graces. By-degrees,
 The human-blossom blows ; and every day,
 Soft as it rolls along, shews some new-charm,
 The father's lustre, and the mother's-bloom.
 Then infant reason grows-apace, and calls
 For the kind hand of an-assiduous care.
 Delightful-task ! to-rear the tender-thought,
 To-teach the young-idea how to shoot,
 To-pour the fresh-instruction o'er the mind.
 To-breathe th' enlivening-spirit, and to fix

The

The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh speak the joy! ye whom the sudden-tear
 Surprizes often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss;
 All various Nature pressing on the heart :
 An elegant-sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural-quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease and alternate-labour, useful-life,
 Progressive-virtue, and—approving-Heaven.
 These are the matchless-joys of virtuous-love;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy ; and consenting Spring
 Sheds her own rosy-garland on their heads :
 'Till-evening-comes at last, serene and mild ;
 When after the long vernal-day of life,
 Enamour'd-more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together-down they sink in social-sleep ;
 Together-freed, their gentle-spirits fly
 To-scenes where love and bliss immortal-reign.

The greatest joy is in the morning
On earth that I have known
Surrounding me, the world
And the world of the world
All these things are in the world
An eternal world of the world
Reverence, trust, and love
And the world of the world
Progressive, the world of the world
There are the world of the world
And the world of the world
At the world of the world
Still and the world of the world
Still and the world of the world
This is the world of the world
Which is the world of the world
The world of the world
With many a world of the world
Together, the world of the world
To see, the world of the world

ELEGY.

ON - THE - DEATH - OF -

LADY - COVENTRY.

THE midnight-clock has toll'd; and-hark !
the-bell

Of death beats-slow ! heard ye the note pro-
found ?

It pauses now ; and-now, with rising knell,
Flings to the hollow gale its sullen sound.

Yes ; Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
Daughters-of-Albion ! ye-that, light as air,
So-oft have tripp'd in her fantastic-train,
With hearts as-gay, and faces half-as-fair :

For she was fair-beyond your brightest-bloom
(This-envy-owns, since now her bloom is-fled ;)
Fair as the forms that, wove in fancy's loom,
Float in light vision round the poet's head.

Whene'er

Whene'er with soft-serenity she smil'd,
 Or caught the orient-blush of quick-surprize,
 How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
 The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!

Each-look, each-motion, wak'd a-new-born grace,
 That o'er her form its transcient glory cast :
 Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
 Chas'd by a charm still-lovelier than the last.

That-bell-again!—It tells us what she is;
 On what she was, no-more the strain prolong,
 Luxuriant-fancy, pause! an-hour like this
 Demands the tribute of a-serious-song.

Maria claims it from that sable-bier,
 Where cold and wan the slumb'rer rests her
 head;

In still, small-whispers to reflection's ear
 She breathes the solemn-dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful-notes, and lift them loud
 Proclaim the theme by-sage, by-fool, rever'd;
 Hear it ye-young, ye-vain, ye-great, ye-proud!
 'Tis nature speaks, and nature will be heard.

Yes; ye shall hear,—and tremble as you hear;
 While, high with health, your hearts exult-
 ing-leap;

E'ep in the midst of pleasure's mad career,
 The mental-monitor shall wake and weep!

For

For-say, that Coventry's propitious star,
 What brighter planet on your births arose?
 Or gave of fortune's gifts an-ampler share,
 In life to-lavish, or by death to-lose?

Early to-lose! While, born on busy wing,
 Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom;
 Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
 The wint'ry storm that sweep you to the tomb;

Think of her-fate! revere the heav'nly-hand
 That led her hence, tho' soon, by steps so-slow:
 Long at her couch Death took his patient-stand,
 And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:

To give reflection time, with lenient air,
 Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
 Teach her from folly peaceably to-part,
 And wean her from a world she lov'd so-well.

Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
 To-you so long a span? Alas, ye-sigh!
 Make-then, while yet ye may, your-God-your-
 friend,
 And learn with equal-ease to sleep or die!

Nor think the-Muse, whose sober-voice ye hear,
 Contracts with bigot frown her sullen-brow;
 Casts round religion's-orb the mists of fear,
 Or shades with-horrors what with smiles,
 should-glow.

No;

No; she would warm-you with seraphic-fire,
 Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal-day;
 Would bid you holdly to that heav'n-aspire,
 Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to-range yon azure-field,
 In yon ethereal-founts of bliss to-lave :
 Force-then, secure in faith's protecting-shield,
 The sting from-death, the-victory from the-
 grave!

DIALOGUE.

BETWEEN.

MERCURY;

AND-A-MODERN-

FINE-LADY.

Mrs. Modish.

INDEED, Mr. Mercury, I cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you now. I am engaged, absolutely-engaged.

Mercury. I know you have an-amiabile affectionate husband, and several fine-children: but you need not be told, that neither conjugal-attachments, maternal-affections, nor even the cure of a-kingdom's-welfare or a-nation's-glory, can excuse a person who has received-a-summon to the realms-of-death. If the grim-messenger

was

was not as peremptory - as -unwelcome, Charon would not get a passenger (except now and then an-hypochondriacal-Englishman) once in a century. You must be content to leave your-husband and family, and pass the-Styx.

Mrs. Modish. I did not mean to insist on any-engagement with my husband and children; I never thought myself engaged to them. I had no-engagements but such as were common to women of my rank. Look on my chimney-piece, and you will see I was engaged, to the play on Mondays, balls on Tuesdays, the opera on Saturdays, and to card assemblies the rest of the week, for two months to come; and it will be the rudest-thing in the world not to keep my appointments. If you will stay for me till the summer-season, I will wait on you with all my heart. Perhaps the Elysian-fields may be less-detestable than the country in our world. Pray, have you a fine Vauxhall and Ranelagh? I think I should not dislike drinking the Lethe-waters, when you have a full season.

Mercury. Surely you could not like to drink the waters of oblivion, who have made pleasure the-business, end, and-aim of your-life! It is good to drown-care: but who would wash away the-remembrance of a life of gaiety and pleasure?

Mrs.

Mrs. Modish. Diversion was indeed the business of my life; but as to pleasure, I have enjoyed none since the novelty of my amusements was gone-off. Can one be pleased with seeing the same thing over and over-again? Late-hours and fatigue gave me the vapours, spoiled the natural-cheerfulness of my temper, and even in youth wore-away my youthful-vivacity.

Mercury. If this way of life did not give you pleasure, why did you continue in it? I suppose you did not think it was very-meritorious.

Mrs. Modish. I was too much engaged to-think at all: so-far indeed my manner of life was agreeable-enough. My friends always told me diversions were necessary, and my doctor assured-me dissipation was-good for my-spirits; my husband insisted that it was not; and you know that one loves to oblige one's-friends, comply with one's-doctor, and contradict one's-husband; and-besides, I was ambitious to be thought *du-bon-ton*.

Mercury. *Bon-ton!* what's-that, Madam? Pray-define-it.

Mrs. Modish. Oh, Sir, excuse-me; it is one of the privileges of the *bon-ton* never to define or be defined. It is the child and the parent of jargon. It-is—I can never tell you what it is; but I will try to tell you what it is not. In

conversation it is not-wit ; in manners it is not-politeness ; in behaviour it is not-address ; but it is a little like them all. It can only belong to people of a certain rank, who live in a certain manner, with certain-persons who have not certain-virtues, and who have certain-vices, and who inhabit a certain part of the town. Like a place by-courtesy, it gets an-higher-rank than the person can claim, but which those who have a legal title to precedence dare not dispute, for fear of being thought not to understand the rules of politeness. Now, Sir, I have told you as much as I know of it, though I have admired and aimed at it all my life.

Mercury. Then, Madam, you have wasted your time, faded your beauty, and destroyed your health, for the laudable-purposes of contradicting your husband, and being this-something and this-nothing called the *bon-ton* ?

Mrs. Modish. What would you have had me do ?

Mercury. I will follow your mode of instructing : I will tell you what I would not have had you do. I would not have had you sacrifice your-time, your-reason, and-your-duties, to fashion and folly. I would not have had you neglect your husband's-happiness, and your children's-education.

Mrs.

Mrs. Modish. As to my daughters' education I spared no expence: they had a dancing-master, music-master, and - drawing-master, and - a French-governess to teach them behaviour and the French-language.

Mercury. So their religion, sentiments, and manners, were to be learnt from a dancing-master, music-master, and - a chamber-maid! perhaps they might prepare them to catch the *bon-ton*. Your daughters must have been so educated as to fit them to be wives without conjugal-affection, and mothers without maternal-care. I am sorry for the sort of life they are commencing, and for that which you have just-concluded. Minos is a sour old-gentleman, without the least smattering of the *bon-ton*; and I am in a fright for you. The best thing I can advice you is, to do in this world as you did in the other, keep-happiness in your-view, but never take the-road that leads to it. —Remain on this side-Styx; wander-about without end or aim; look into the Elysian-fields, but never attempt to-enter into them, lest Minos should push-you into Tartarus: for duties-neglected may bring on a sentence not much less-severe than crimes-committed.

TESTIMONIES.
TO THE
GENIUS - AND - MERITS.
OF
Shakespeare.

TESTIMONIES

OF THE US-AND-MERITS

OF THE

TESTIMONIES.

TO-THE.

MEMORY.

OF.

SHAKESPEARE.

TO draw no-envy, SHAKESPEARE, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame.
While I confess thy writings to be such,
As neither man nor muse can praise too-much.

Ben. Jonson.

What needs my-SHAKESPEARE for his honour'd-bones
The labour of an-age in piled-stones,
Or that the hollow'd- reliques should be hid
Under a-star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear-son of memory, great-heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak-witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a-live-long-monument.
Thou so-sepulcher'd in such pomp dost-lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish-to-die!

Milton.

SHAKE-

..... SHAKESPEARE's magic could not copied be,
Within that circle none durst-walk but he;
He works by magic supernatural things,
For SHAKESPEARE's pow'r is sacred as a king's.

Dryden.

..... For lofty sense,
Creative-fancy, and inspection keen,
Thro' the deep-windings of the human-heart,
Is not wild-SHAKESPEARE thine and Nature's-boast?

Thompson.

When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal-SHAKESPEARE-rose;
Each change of many-color'd-life he drew,
Exhausted-worlds, and then imagin'd-new:
Existence saw him spurn her boundless-reign,
And panting-Time toil'd after him in-vain:
His pow'ful strokes presiding-truth impress'd,
And unresisted-passion storm'd the breast.

Dr. Johnson.

What are the lays of artful-Addison,
Coldly-correct, to-SHAKESPEARE's warblings wild?

Warton.

..... But happier Stratford, thou
With uncontested-Laurels deck thy brow;
Thy bard was thine-unschool'd, and from thee brought
More than all Egypt, Greece, or Asia taught,
Not Homer's-self such matchless-honours won,
The Greek has-rivals, but thy SHAKESPEARE-none.

Seward.

..... " This was SHAKESPEARE's-form,
Who walk'd in every-path of human-life,
Felt every passion; and to all-mankind
Doth now, will ever, that experience yield
Which his own-GENIUS only could acquire."

Akenside.

Hail, prodigy of Nature's genuine-growth!
 Collected in thyself thou stand'st sublime,
 A world of intellect, and fancy! Thou,
 Reaching from high to low, with magic touch,
 Incharmed'st ev'ry theme. To thee was shewn
 Each passions inmost-source, with all the wiles,
 And each-meander of the changeful-heart.

Jago.

..... SHAKESPEARE was a man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive-soul. All the images of Nature were still-present to him, and he drew them not-laboriously, but-luckily: when he describes any-thing, you more than see-it, you feel-it too.

Dryden.

SHAKESPEARE was indeed born with all the-seeds of poetry, and may be compared to the stone of Pyrrhus's-ring, which, as Pliny tells-us, had the figure of-Apollo and the nine-Muses in the veins of it, produced by the spontaneous-hand of Nature without any help from-art.

Addison.

The-greatness of this Author's-genius does no where so much appear, as where he gives his imagination an-entire-loose, and raises his-fancy to a flight above-mankind, and the limits of the visible-world.

Rowe.

If ever any-author deserved the name of an-original it was-SHAKESPEARE. The poetry of-SHAKESPEARE was inspiration-indeed: he is not so much an-imitator, as an-instrument of Nature; and it is not so-just to say that he speaks from-her, as that she speaks through-him.

He seems to have known the world by-intuition, to have looked through human-nature at one glance, and to be the only-author that gives ground for a very new-opinion, That the philosopher, and even the-man of the-world, may be born as-well as the-poet.

Pope.

WILLIAM-SHAKESPEARE, whose excellent Genius opened to him the whole-heart of man, all the mines of Fancy, all the stores of nature, and gave him power beyond all other writers to move, astonish, and delight-mankind.

Lord-Lyttelton.

Of all the literary-exercitations of speculative-man, whether designed for the use or entertainment of the world, there are none of so much importance, or what are more of our immediate-concern, than those which let us into the-knowledge of our-nature. Others may exercise the-reason, or amuse the-imagination; but these only can improve the heart, and form the human-mind to wisdom. Now in this science our-SHAKESPEARE is confessed to-occupy the foremost-place; whether we consider the amazing-sagacity with which he investigates every-hidden-spring and wheel of human-action; or his happy-manner of communicating this knowledge, in the just and lively-paintings which he has given us of all our-passions, appetites, and-pursuits.

Warburton.

To gild refined-gold, or paint the-lily,
To throw a perfume on the-violet,
To-smooth the ice, or add another-hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous-eye of heaven to-garnish,
Is-wasteful and ridiculous-excess.

Dr. Dodd.

ODE.

To the.

MEMORY.

OF.

Shakespeare.

ODI

MEMOIR

Spokane

ODE.

TO-THE.

MEMORY.

OF.

Shakespeare.

TO what blest-genius of the-isle,
Shall Gratitude her tribute pay,
Decree the festive-day,
Erect the statue, and devote the pile ?

Do not your sympathetic-hearts accord,
To own the "bosom's-lord ?"
'Tis-he ! 'tis-he ! —that-demi-god !
Who Avon's flow'ry-margin trod,
While sportive-Fancy round him flew,
Where Nature led-him by the hand,
Instructed-him in all she knew,
And gave him absolute-command !
'Tis-he ! 'tis-he !
"The-god of our-idolatry !"

O

To

To him the-song, the-Edifice we raise,
He merits all our-wonder, all our-praise !

*Sweetest-bard that ever-sung,
Nature's-glory, Fancy's-child ;
Never-sure did witching-tongue
Warble-forth such wood-notes-wild !*

Tho' Philip's fam'd-unconquer'd-son,
Had ev'ry blood-stain'd-laurel won ;
He-sigh'd—that his creative-word,
(Like that which-rules the skies,)
Could not bid other nations-rise,
To-glut his yet unsated-sword :

But when our SHAKESPEARE's-matchless-pen,
Like Alexander's-sword had done with men ;
He heav'd no-sigh, he made no-moan,
Not limited to human-kind,
He fir'd his wonder-teeming-mind,
Rais'd other worlds, and beings of his-own !
O ! from his-muse of fire
Could but one-spark be caught,
Then might these-humble-strains aspire,
To-tell-the-wonders he has wrought.
To-tell—how-sitting on his magic-throne,
Unaided and alone,
In dreadful state,
The subject-passions round him wait ;

Who

Who tho' unchain'd, and raging there,
 He checks, inflames, or turns their mad-career ;
 With that superior-skill,
 Which winds the fiery-steed at will,
 He gives the awful-word—
 And-they, all-foaming, trembling, own-him
 for their Lord.

With these his-slaves he can controul,
 Or-charm the soul ;
 So-realiz'd are all his golden-dreams,
 Of-terror, pity, love, and-grief,
 Tho' conscious that the vision only seems,
 The woe-struck-mind finds no-relief :
 Ingratitude would drop the tear,
 Cold-blooded-age take fire,
 To see the-thankless-children of old-Lear,
 Spurn at their-king, and-sire !
 *With-his our reason too grows-wild !
 What nature had disjoin'd,
 The poet's-pow'r combin'd,
 -Madness-and-age, ingratitude-and-child.
 Ye-guilty, lawless-tribe,
 Escap'd from punishment, by art or bribe,
 At Shakespeare's-bar appear !
 No-bribing, shuffling-there—
 His-genius, like a rushing flood,
 Cannot-be-withstood,

Out-bursts the penitential-tear !
 The look appall'd, the crime reveals,
 The marble-hearted-monster feels,
 Whose hand is-stain'd with blood.

*They live indeed, but live to-feel '
 The scourge and wheel,
 " On the torture of the-mind they lie ;"
 Should harrass'd-nature sink to rest,
 The-Poet wakes the-scorpion in the breast,
 Guilty-mortals more than-die !*

But soon these horrors pass-away
 Thro' storms and night breaks-forth the day :
 He-smiles,—they vanish into-air !
 The buskin'd-warriors disappear !
 Mute the trumpets, mute the drums,
 The scene is-chang'd—*Thalia*-comes,
 Leading the nymph-*Euphrosyne*,
 Goddess of joy and liberty !
 She and her sisters, hand-in-hand,
 Link'd to a num'rous frolic-band,
 With-roses and with myrtle-crown'd,
 O'er the green-velvet lightly bound,
 Circling-the-Monarch of the enchanted-land !

*Wild, frantic with pleasure,
 They-trip-it in measure,
 To-bring-him their treasure,
 The-treasure of joy.*

*His rapture perceiving,
 They smile while they're giving,
 He smiles at-receiving,
 A-treasure of joy.*

With kindling cheeks, and sparkling eyes,
 Surrounded-thus, the Bard in transport-dies;
 The-little-Loves, like-bees,
 Clust'ring and climbing up-his-knees,
 His-brows with roses-bind;
 While-Fancy, Wit, and-Humour-spread
 Their-wings, and hover round his head,
 Impregnating his mind.
 Which teeming soon, as soon brought-forth,
 Not a tiny spurious-birth,
 But out a-mountain-came,
 A-mountain of delight !
 Laughter roar'd-out to see the-sight,
 And-FALSTAFF was his-name!
 With sword and shield he, puffing, strides;
 The joyous revel-rout
 Receive-him with a shout,
 And modest-Nature holds her sides;
 No single pow'r the-deed had done,
 But great and small,
Wit, Fancy, Humour, Whim-and-Jest,
 The-huge, mishapen-heap-impress'd;
 And-lo—SIR-JOHN!
 A compound of 'em-all,
 A comic world in-ONE.

*A world where all pleasures-abound;
 So-fruitful the earth,
 So-quick to bring-forth,
 And the world-too is wicked-and-round.*

*Of the world he has all, but its care ;
 No-load, but of flesh, will he bear ;
 He-laughs-off his pack,
 Takes-a-cup of old-sack,
 And-away with all sorrow-and-care.*

*Sweet-Swan-of-Avon ! ever may thy-stream
 Of tuneful-numbers be the darling-theme ;
 Not-Thames-himself, who in his silver-course
 Triumphant rolls along,
 Britannia's-riches and her-force,
 Shall more-harmonious flow in song.*

*Thou soft flowing-Avon, by thy silver-stream,
 Of things more than-mortal, sweet-Shakespear
 would dream,
 The fairies by-moonlight dance round his green-bed,
 For hallow'd the-turf-is which pillow'd-his-head.*

*The love-stricken maiden, the soft-sighing swain,
 Here rove without-danger, and sigh without-pain,
 The sweet-bud of beauty, no-blight shall here dread,
 For hallow'd the-turf-is which pillow'd-his-head.*

Here

*Here youth shall be-fam'd, for their love, and their
truth,*

*And chearful old-age, feel the spirit of youth;
For the raptures of fancy here poets shall-tread,
For ballow'd the-turf-is that pillow'd his-head.*

*Flow-on, silver-Avon, in song ever-flow,
Be-the-swans on thy-bosom still whiter than-snow,
Ever-full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever-ballow'd which pillow'd his-head.*

Tho' bards with envy-aching-eyes,
Behold a-tow'ring-eagle rise,
And would his flight-retard;
Yet each to *Shakespeare's*-genius bows,
Each weaves a-garland for his-brows,
To-crown th' heaven-distinguish'd-Bard.
Nature had form'd-him on her noblest-plan,
And to the-genius join'd the feeling-man.

Can *British*-gratitude delay,
To him the-glory of this-isle,
To give the-festive day
The-song, the-statue, and-devoted-pile?
To him the-first of poets, best-of-men?
"We ne'er shall flock upon his like-again?"

*Shall the hero laurels-gain,
For ravag'd fields, and thousands slain?
And shall his brows no-laurels-bind,
Who charms to-virtue-humankind?*

We

We will,—his brows with laurel-bind,
Who charms to virtue human-kind :
 Raise the pile, the statue-raise,
 Sing immortal-*Shakespeare's*-praise
The song will cease, the stone decay
 But his Name,
 And undiminish'd fame,
Shall never, never-pass-away.

THE .
FURNITURE,
OF.
A-BEAU's-MIND.

WHEN infants are born, by experience we find,
With ideas so few they're supply'd,
That *Locke* has most justly resembled their mind
To a cabinet empty-and-void.

A-*Beau*, and a child, may in this be-compar'd,
For his mind, 't would be quite a-chart-blanche,
If you strive (tho' I own that the labour is-hard)
What's-trifling and vain to-retrench.

First a set of shrew'd-hints, innuendos, and-
slanders,
And-lyes that he tells with pert-face ;
A heap of stale-phrases, and-double-entendres,
Without-sense to apply them in-place :

Some

Some new-fashion'd-compliments ready at hand;
Which he learns, like-a-parrot, by-rote,
To-bully and bluster, with-oaths at command,
“ Blood, madam, I'll-cut the rogue's-throat !”

Four-jokes and a half from *Joe-Millar* purloin'd.
Six-lines out of *Hudibras*-more ;
Compose, if you nicely-examine his mind,
Of-humour and wit his-full-store.

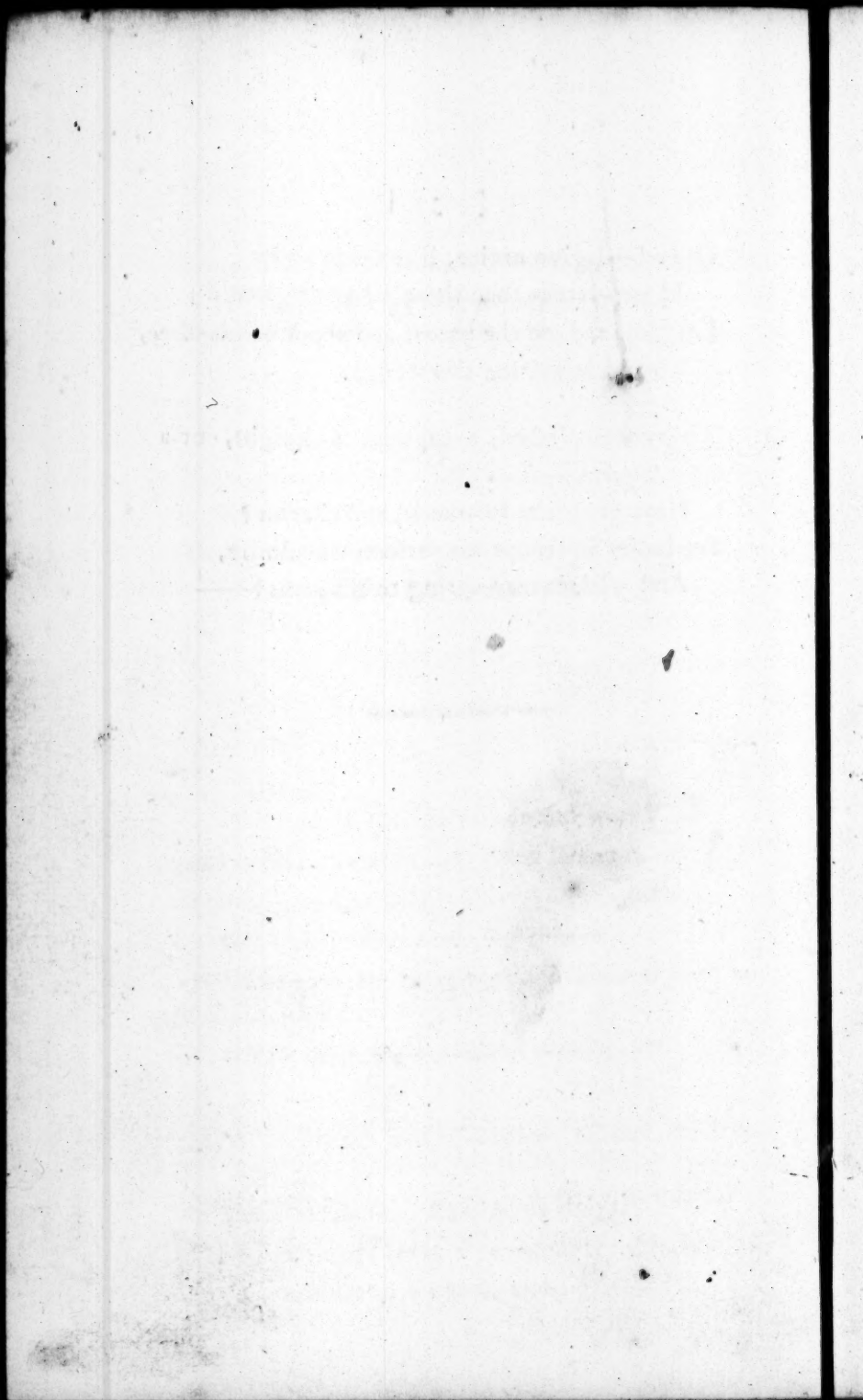
His learning just-serves-him to read a-new-song,
Or-chatter a sentence of-*French* ;
And what tho' 'em both he pronounces-quite-
wrong ?
'Tis-enough for his barber-and-wench.

Of-*Venus*, aud-*Cupid*, and-arrows, and-darts,
His tongue never-ceasing runs on ;
“ *Those-eyes, my-sweet-angel, like-swords pierce our-*
“ *hearts,*
“ *Oh, close-them—or-else-I'm-undone !”*

Add to these a-few-scrap of our modern-
romances,
From-*Grandison*, *Ramble*, or-*Briggs* ;
Three-dozen at least of new-country-dances,
With-minuets, *louvres*, and-jigs.

Oyez !—I give notice, if any-one know
 More-virtues than these I have reckon'd ;
 Let him send me the-name, and abode of his-*Beau*,
 To-add in edition the-second.

Thus-accomplished, a-captain, a-knight, or-a-
 'squire,
 How-great are his-merit, and-charms ?
 See-ladies in troops his-perfections-admire,
 And-with-extasy spring to-his-arms !—



TEMPLE.

OS.

FAME.

A troop came-next, who-crowns and armour-wore,

And proud-defiance in their looks they bore :

For-thee (they-cry'd, amidst alarms and strife,

We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life ;

For thee whole-nations fill'd with flames and blood,

And swam to-empire thro' the purple-flood.

Those-ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own ;

What virtue seem'd, was-done for thee-alone.

Ambitious - fools ! (the - Queen - reply'd, and-frown'd)

Be all your-acts in dark-oblivion drown'd ;

There

There sleep forgot, with mighty-tyrants gone,
 Your statues moulder'd, and your-names unknown!
 A-sudden-cloud straight snatch'd-them from my-
 sight,
 And each majestic-phantom sunk in night.

Then came the-smallest-tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their-dress, and-modest was their-mien.
 Great-idol of mankind ! we neither claim
 'The-praise of merit, nor aspire to-fame !
 But safe in deserts from-th' applause of men,
 Would die unheard-of, as we liv'd-unseen.
 'Tis-all we beg thee, to-conceal from sight
 'Those -acts of goodness, which themselves
 requite.

O let us still the-secret-joy partake,
 'To-follow-virtue e'en for Virtue's-sake.

And live-there men, who slight immortal-fame ?
 Who then with-incense shall adore our-name ;
 But, mortals ! know, 'tis-still our greatest-pride
 To blaze those-virtues which the good would-
 hide.

Rise ! Muses, rise ! add all your tuneful-breath,
 These must not sleep in-darkness and in-death.
 She-said : In-air the trembling-music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant-swell the notes ;
 So-soft, tho' high, so-loud, and yet so-clear.
 E'en-list'ning-Angels lean from heav'n to-hear :
 To-furthest-shores th' ambrosial-spirit flies,
 Sweet to the-world, and-grateful to the-skies.

Whilst thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One-came, me-thought, and whisper'd in my-ear :
 What could thus high thy-rash-ambition raise ?
 Art-thou, fond-youth, a-candidate for praise ?

'Tis-true, said-I, not-void of hopes I-came,
 For who so-fond as youthful-bards of Fame ?
 But-few, alas ! the casual-blessing boast,
 So-hard to gain, so-easy to be lost.
 How-vain that second-life in others' breath,
 Th' estate which wits inherit after-death !
 Ease, health, and life, for this they-must-resign,
 (Unsure the tenure, but how vast the-fine !)
 The great-man's curse, without the gains, endure,
 Be-envi'd, wretched, and-be-flatter'd, poor ;
 All-luckless wits their enemies-profest,
 And all successful, jealous-friends at best.
 Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours-call ;
 She comes unlook'd-for, if she comes-at-all.
 But if the purchase cost-so-dear a price
 As soothing Folly, or-exalting-Vice :
 Oh ! if the-Muse must flatter lawless-sway,
 And follow-still where Fortune leads-the-way ;
 Or if no-basis bear my rising-name,
 But the fall'n-ruins of another's-fame ;
 Then, teach-me, heav'n ! to-scorn the guilty-bays
 Drive from my-breast that wretched-lust of praise,
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;
 Oh ! grant an-honest fame, or grant me-none !

I have been thinking of you
 and of the many things
 that have happened since
 we last met. I am
 glad to hear that you
 are well and happy.
 I am still the same
 old man, but I am
 getting on a bit better.
 I am still thinking of
 you and of the things
 that we have done together.
 I am still thinking of
 the days when we were
 young and full of life.
 I am still thinking of
 the days when we were
 full of hope and dreams.
 I am still thinking of
 the days when we were
 full of love and friendship.
 I am still thinking of
 the days when we were
 full of life and joy.
 I am still thinking of
 the days when we were
 full of hope and dreams.
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